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TWILIGHT ALLEY

Operetta for Treble Voices

in

Two Acts

Book
By

Mrs. HENRY BACKUS

Lyrics and Music
By

Paul Bliss

Vocal score, with full dialogue	$1.00 net
Stage Manager's Book	$1.00 net

Full directions for stage-setting, costumes and action

Orchestral parts for rental only

PUBLISHED BY

THE WILLIS MUSIC COMPANY

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THE WILLIS MUSIC COMPANY
Cincinnati, Ohio.
Printed in the U.S.A.

W. M. Co. 3747

Twilight Alley

Musical Numbers

(All choruses may be sung in unison, omitting Alto part)

Act I

Nº 1–	Overture	*Instrumental*
Nº 2–	Opening Chorus	*Chorus (Girls)*
Nº 3–	High on the Hills	*Chorus (Girls)*
Nº 4–	Base-ball Song	*Chorus (Boys)*
Nº 5–	What do we care	*Chorus (Boys)*
Nº 6–	Lovely Blossom	*Solo and Duet (Lily and Meg) (with chorus)*
Nº 7–	My Dolly is Sick	*Solo (Angelina)*
Nº 8–	Where the Sun is Shining	*(Finale) Chorus (Girls)*

Act II

Nº 1–	Song of the Cave	*Chorus (Boys)*
Nº 2–	Song of the City	*Chorus (All)*
Nº 3–	Aeroplane Song	*Chorus (All)*
Nº 4–	Flower Song	*Chorus (Girls)*
Nº 5–	Flying Butterflies	*Solo and Chorus (Angelina and Girls)*
Nº 6–	Sleep Song	*Chorus (Girls)*
Nº 7–	Here They Come	*Chorus (Girls)*
Nº 8–	Welcome Days of Sunshine	*(Finale) Chorus (All)*

Twilight Alley

Cast of Characters

Dame Needy. (*No Music*) Mother of a large family, living in a tenement "The Old Shoe"

Meg. Her eldest daughter.

Jack. Only son of Dame Needy.

Angelina. An emigrant child.

Lily. Daughter of the owner of "The Old Shoe"

Meg's Seven Sisters.

Jack's Base-ball Nine. (*Eight boys*)

Chorus. (*Optional*) Children of the neighborhood. (See Stage Manager's Guide)

Synopsis

Both acts take place in the court of "The Old Shoe" a tenement in "Twilight Alley"

Act I Time: Noon of a day in Spring

Act II Sunset of the same day

Plot of the Play

Dame Needy, with her large family, lives in "The Old Shoe," a tenement in "Twilight Alley." *Meg* is the oldest of eight daughters, and *Jack,* the only son, is captain of a baseball nine of boys of his own age. *Angelina* is an emigrant child who is left all day at "The Old Shoe" while her mother works in a factory. *Lily* is the daughter of a well-to-do property owner, the landlord of "The Old Shoe."

One afternoon *Lily* loses her way in the city streets and wanders into a tenement court where the sunshine rarely penetrates because of the smoke. She pities these "twilight dwellers" and invites them to her own lovely garden. While *Dame Needy* is asleep, the girls steal away with her to her home on the hill-top.

During their absence the boys rebel at being compelled to live in "The Old Shoe" and decide to burn it, but *Lily* and the others return in time to offer a happier solution, and all ends well.

TWILIGHT ALLEY

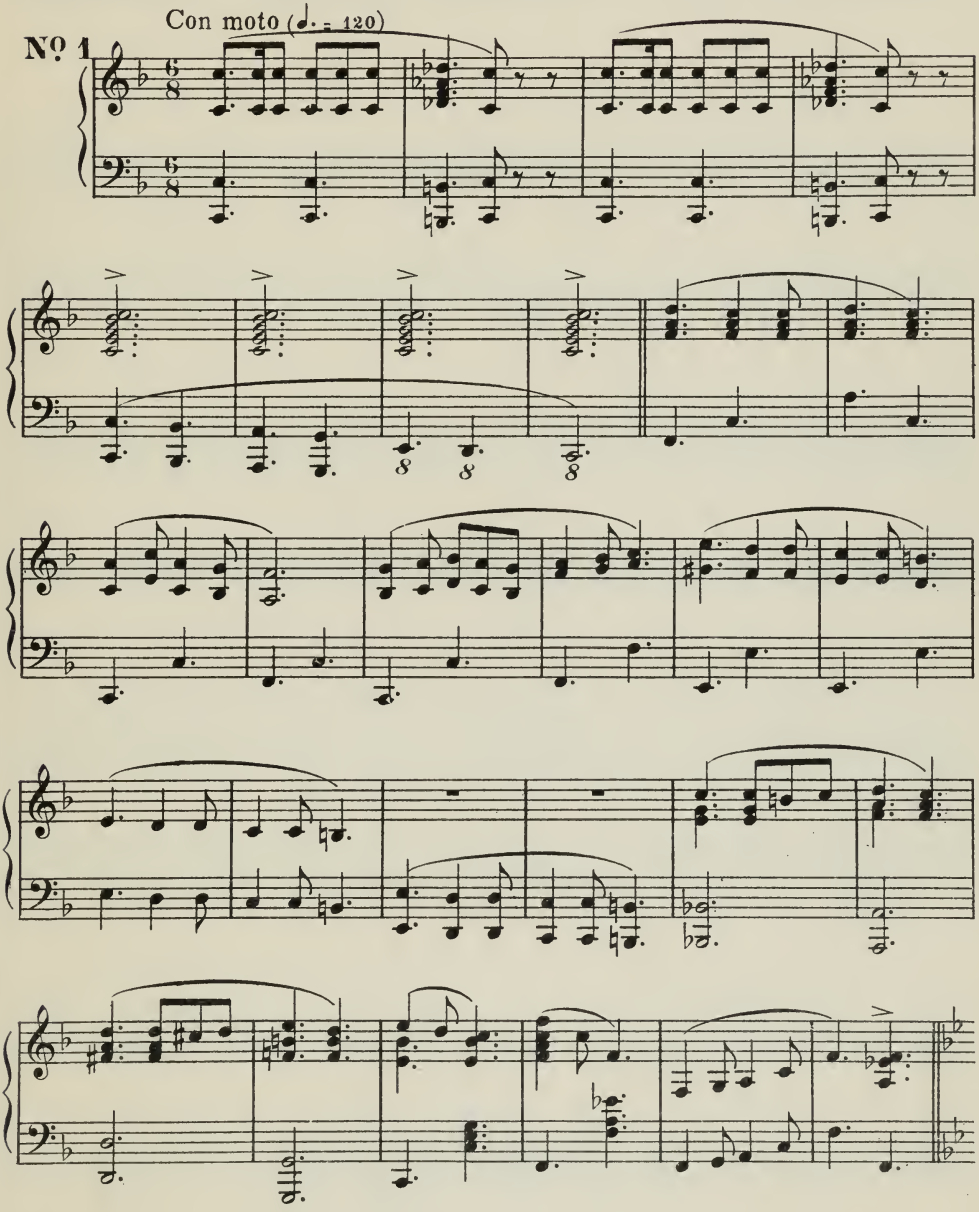
Operetta in Two Acts

Act I

Book by
MRS. HENRY BACKUS

OVERTURE

Lyrics and Music by
PAUL BLISS



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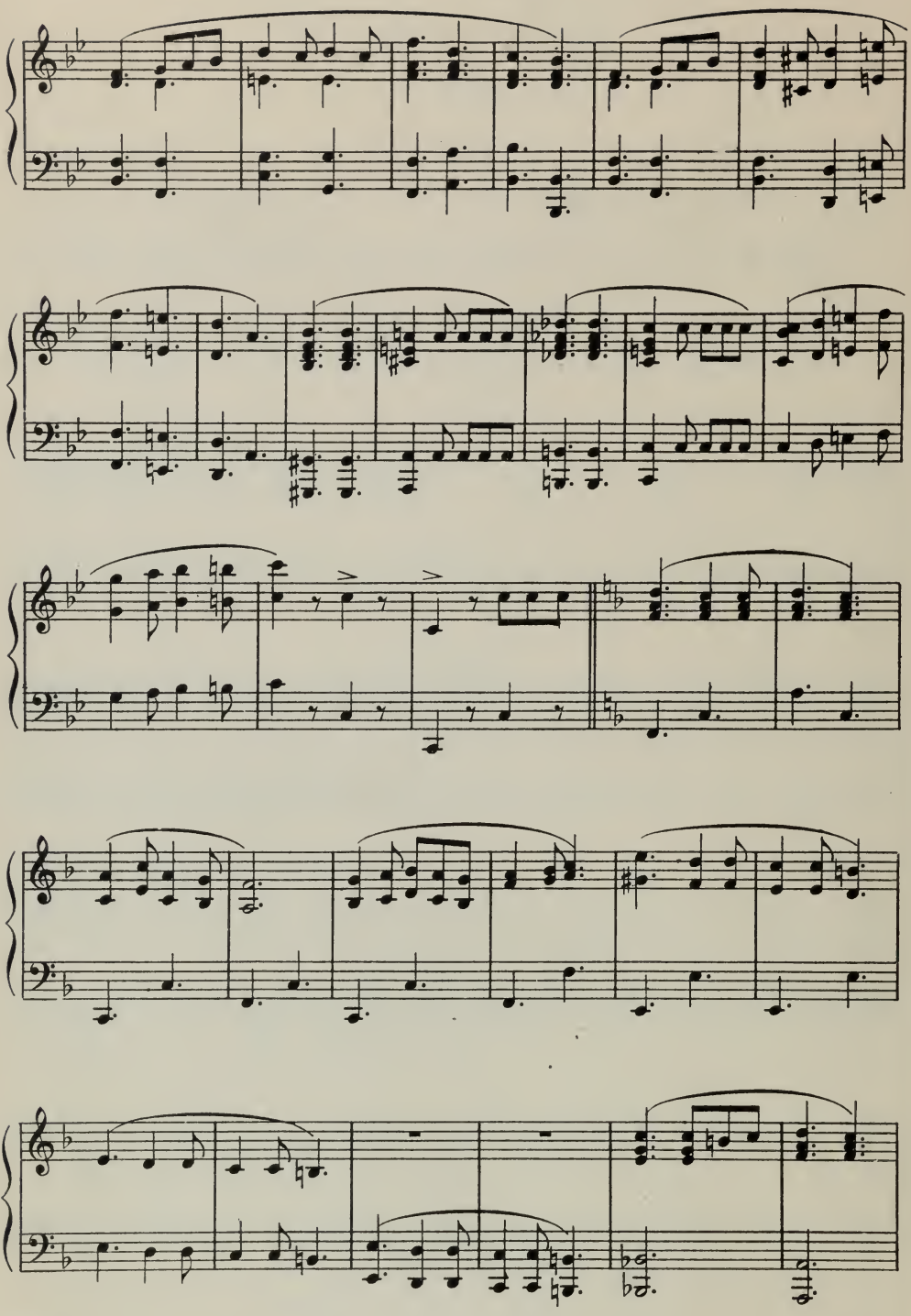
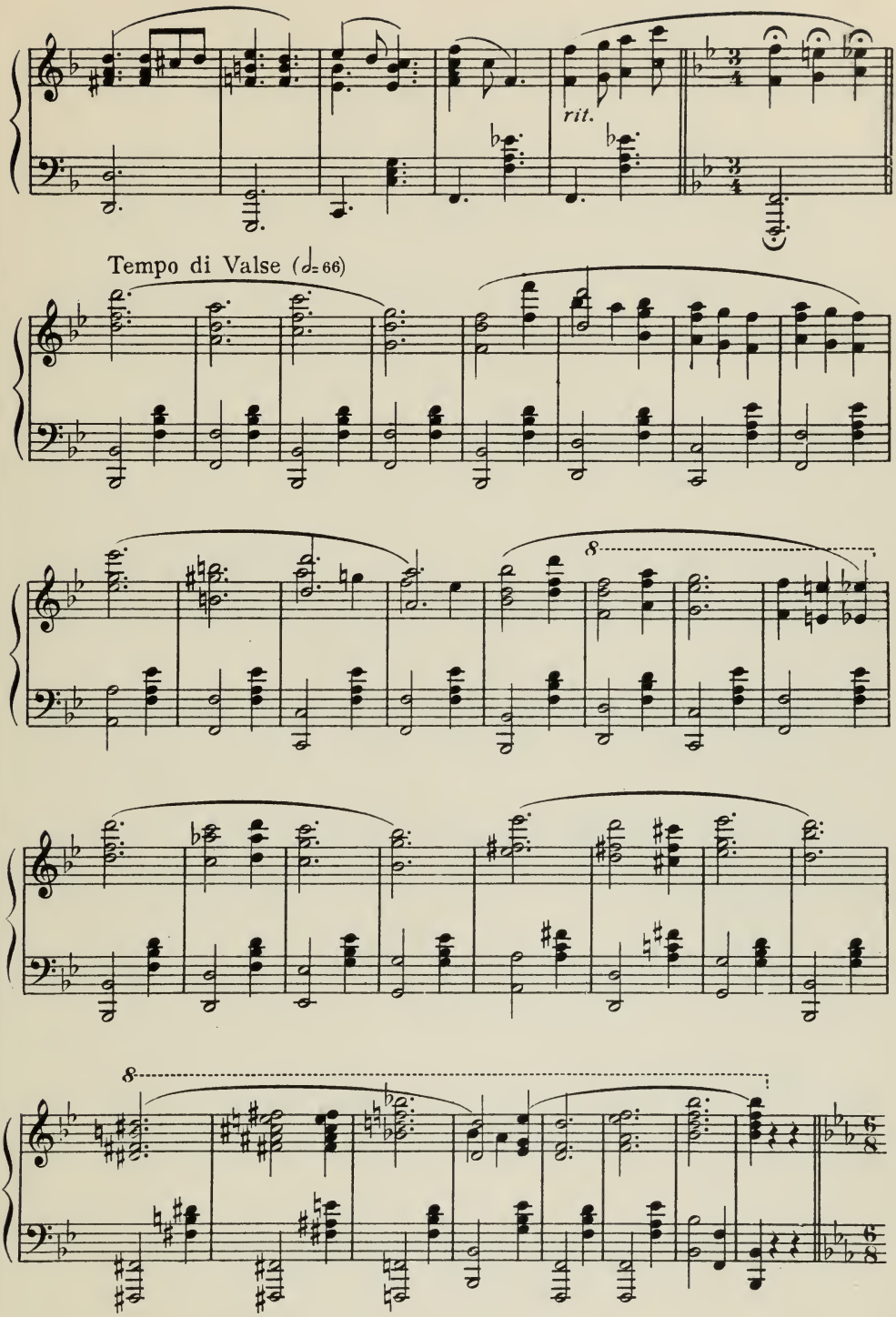
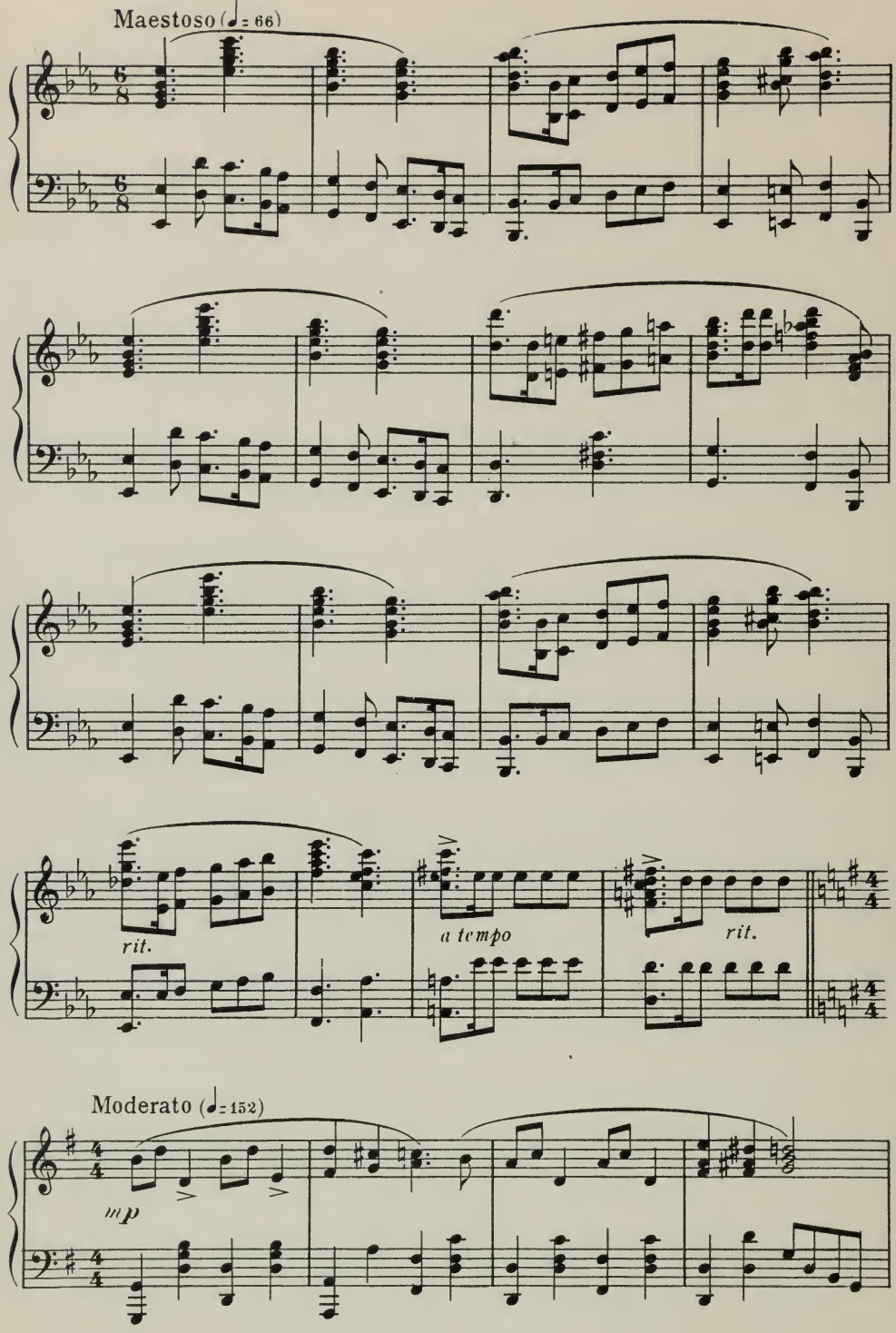
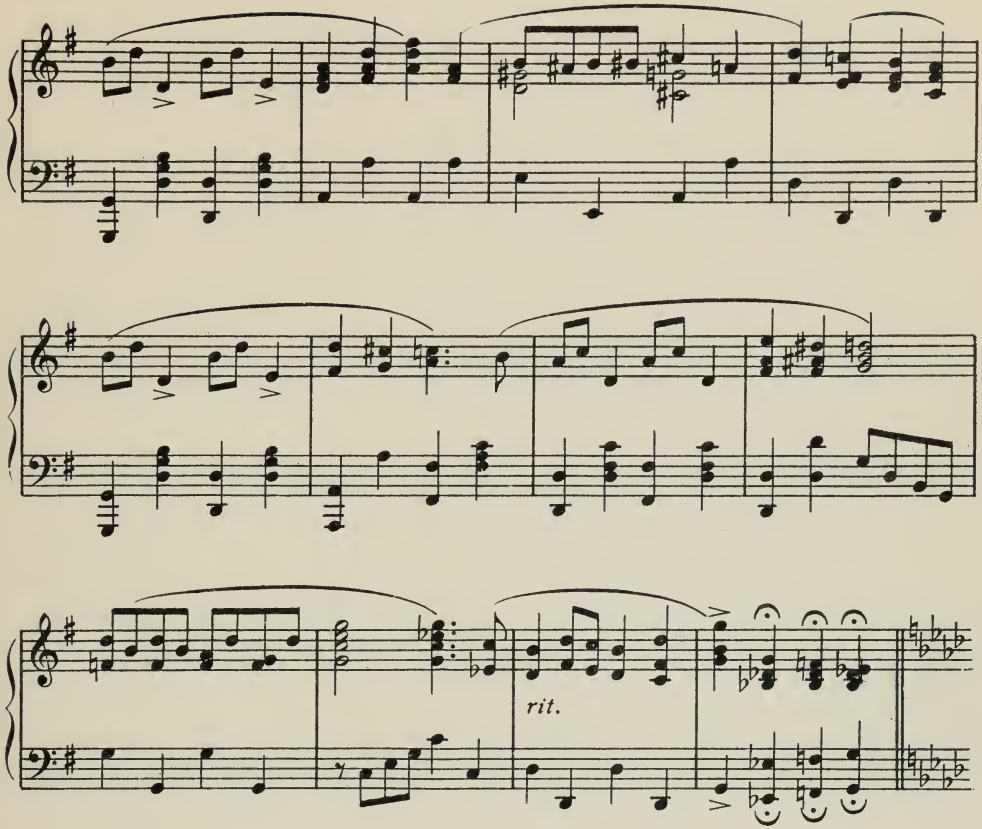
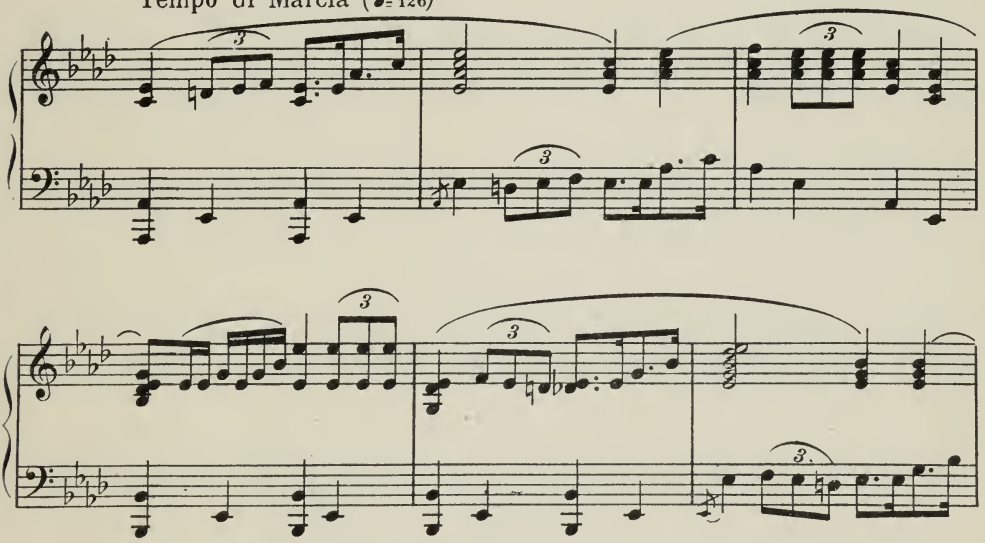


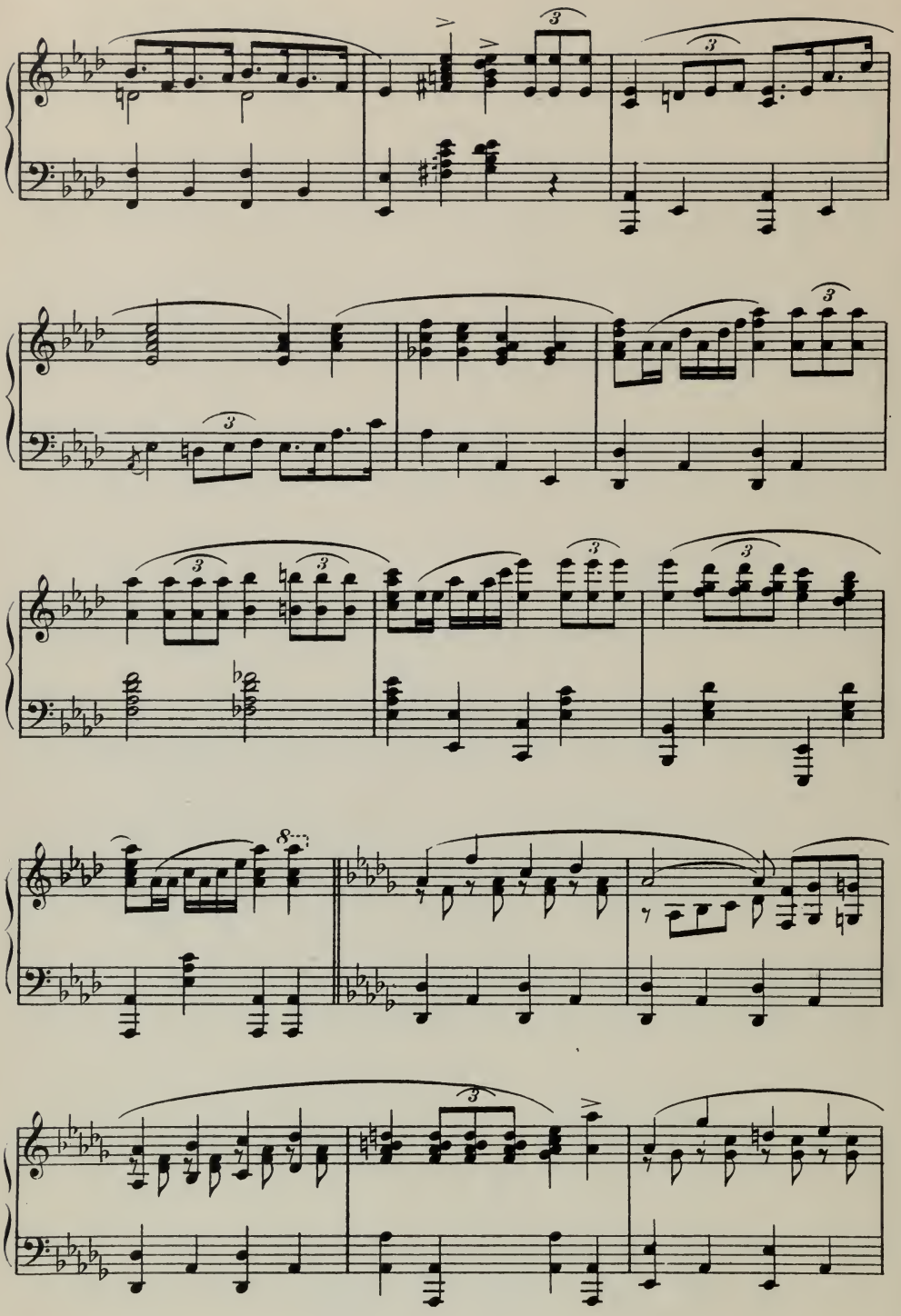

rit.
Tempo di Valse (♩= 66)
8
8

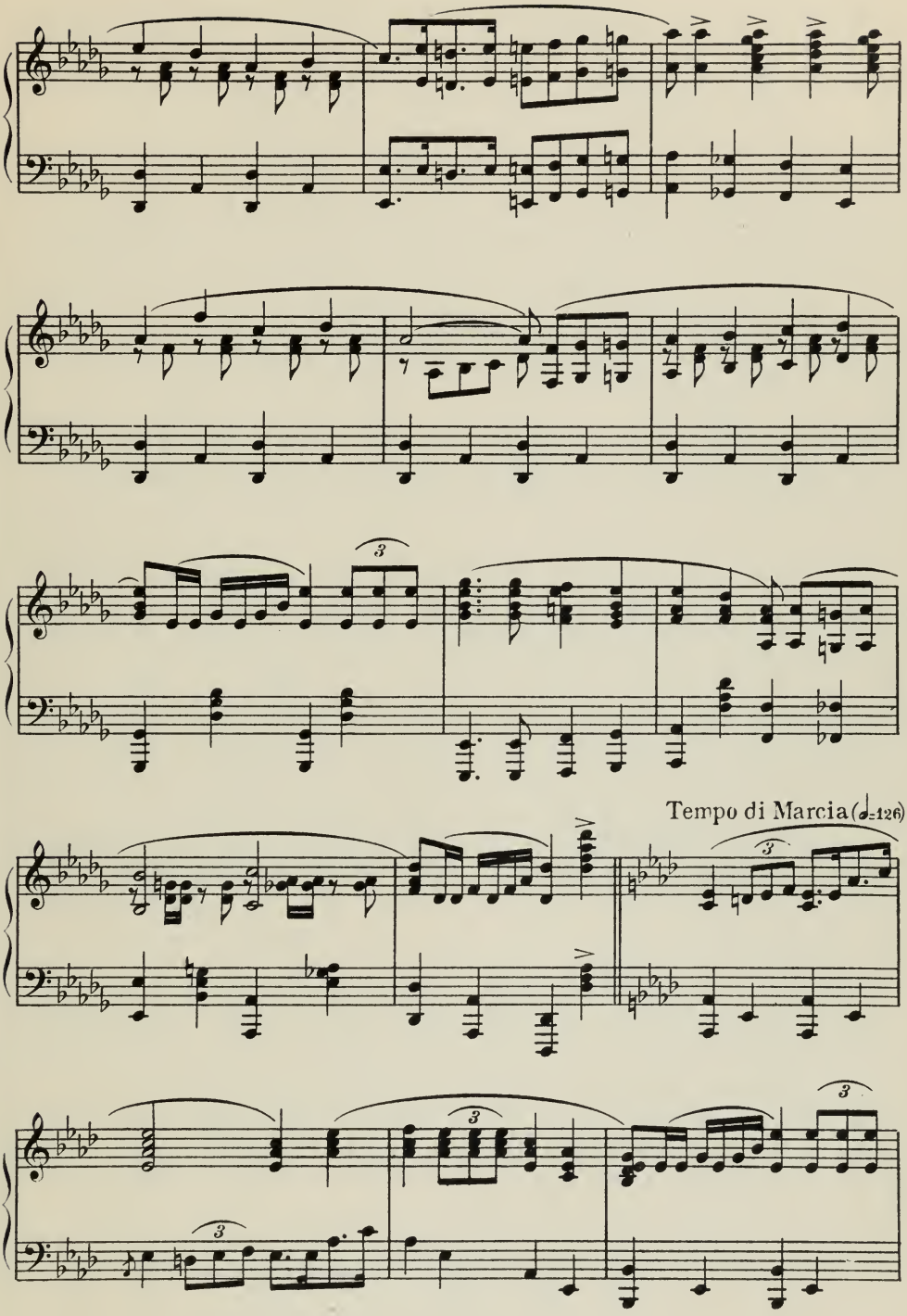

Maestoso (♩= 66)
rit.
a tempo
rit.
Moderato (♩= 152)
mp

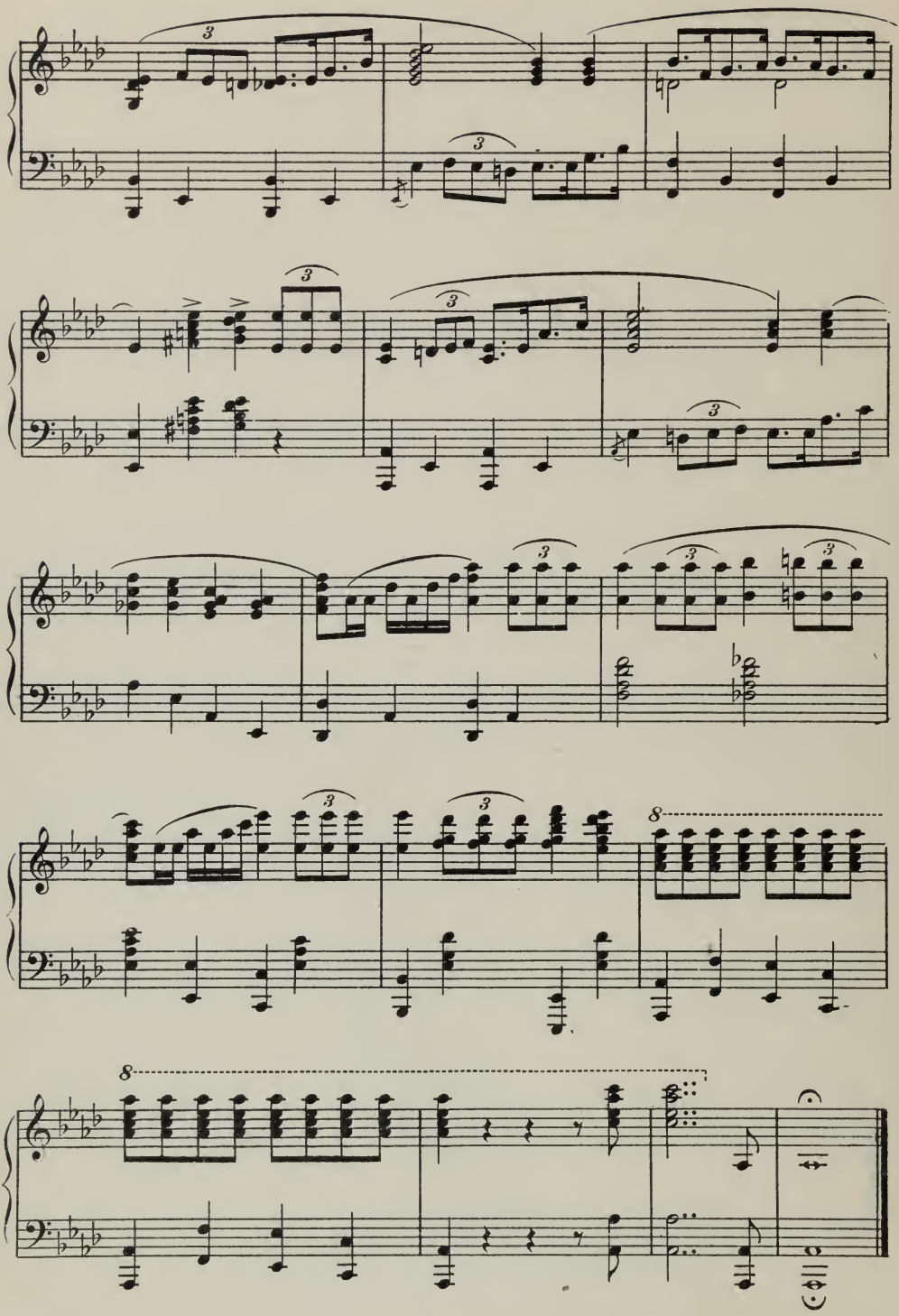


Tempo di Marcia (♩= 126)






Tempo di Marcia (♩=126)

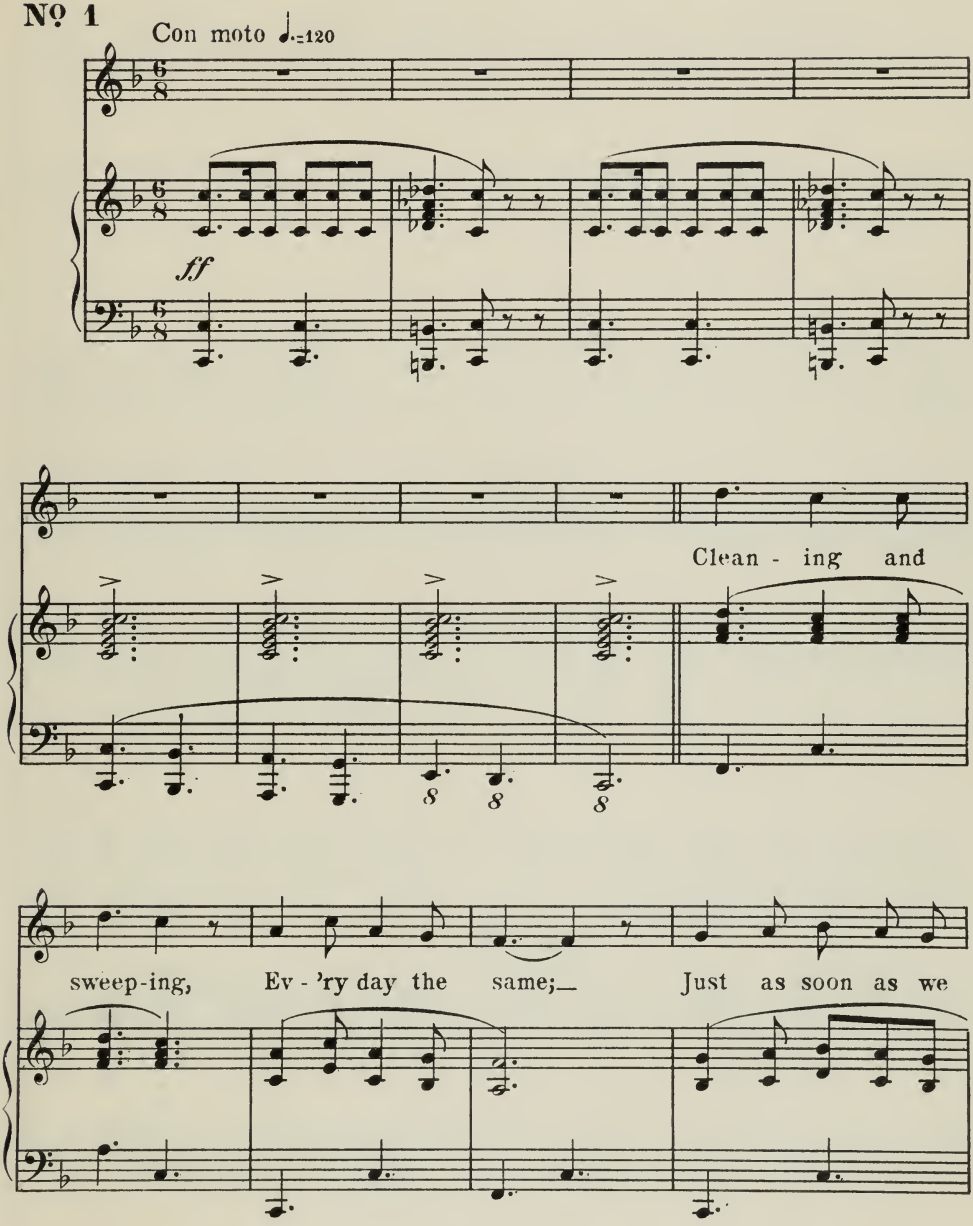


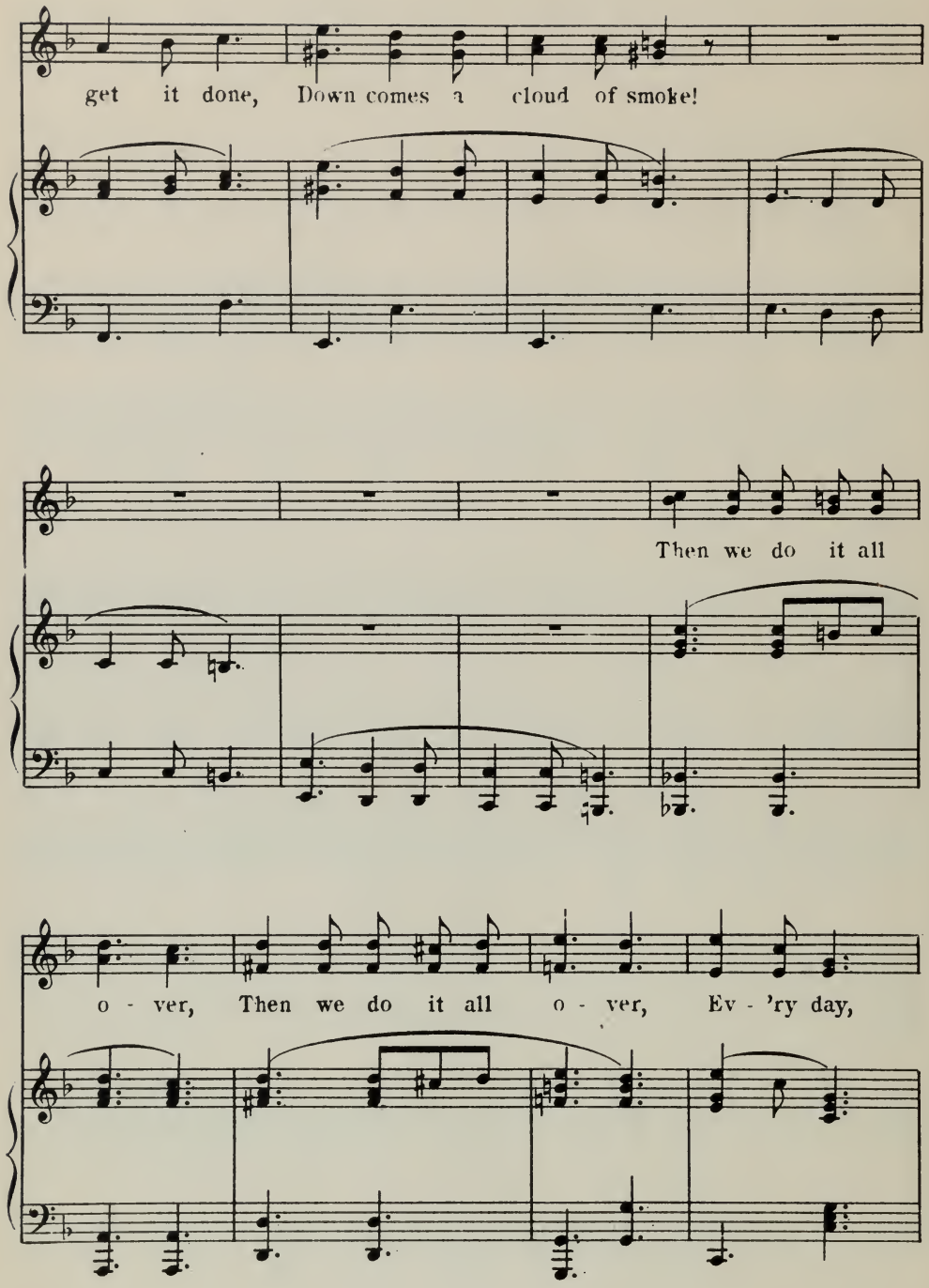
Opening Chorus

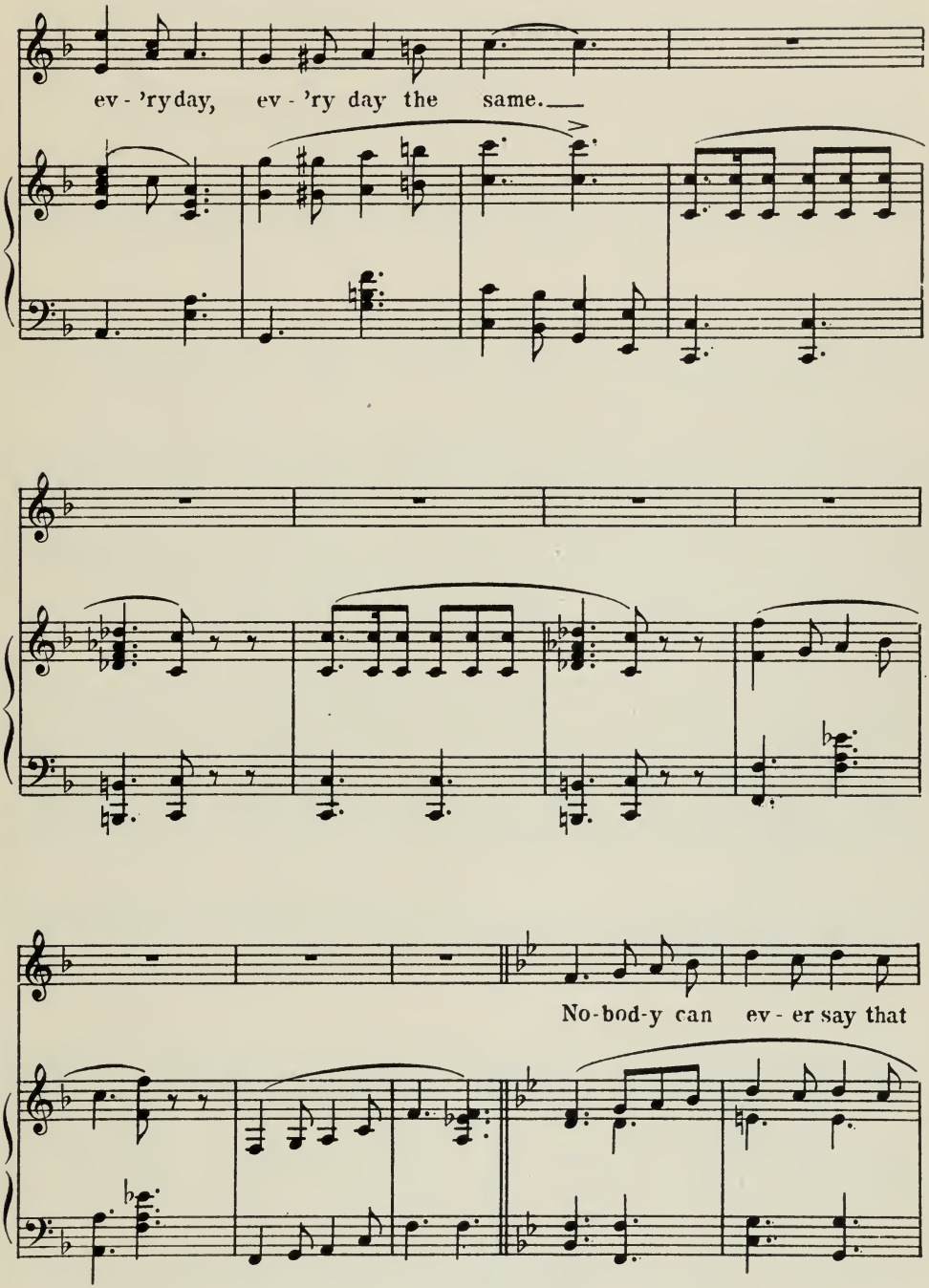
Cleaning and Sweeping

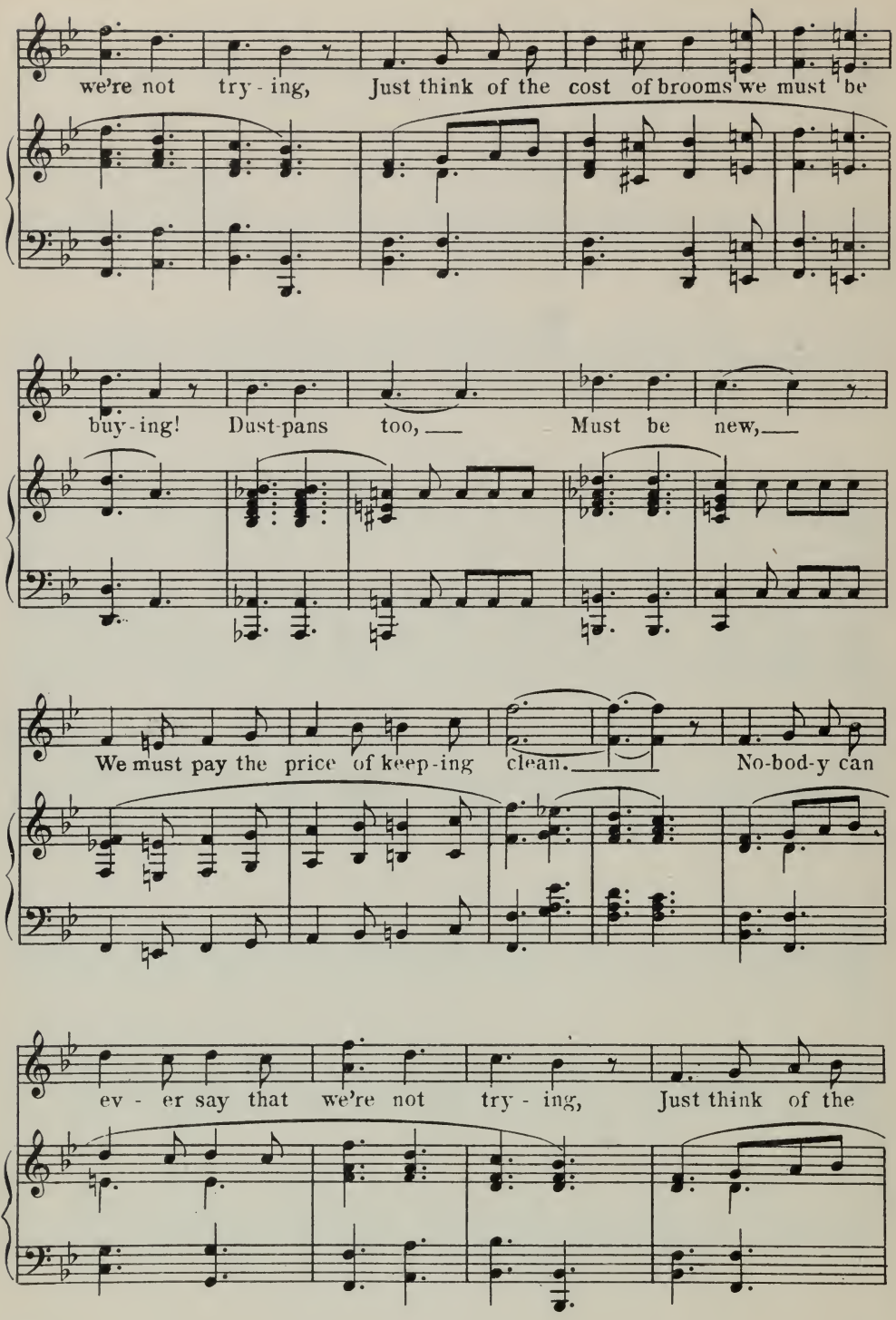
The Alto part may be omitted throughout
Dame Needy may sing in all girls' choruses

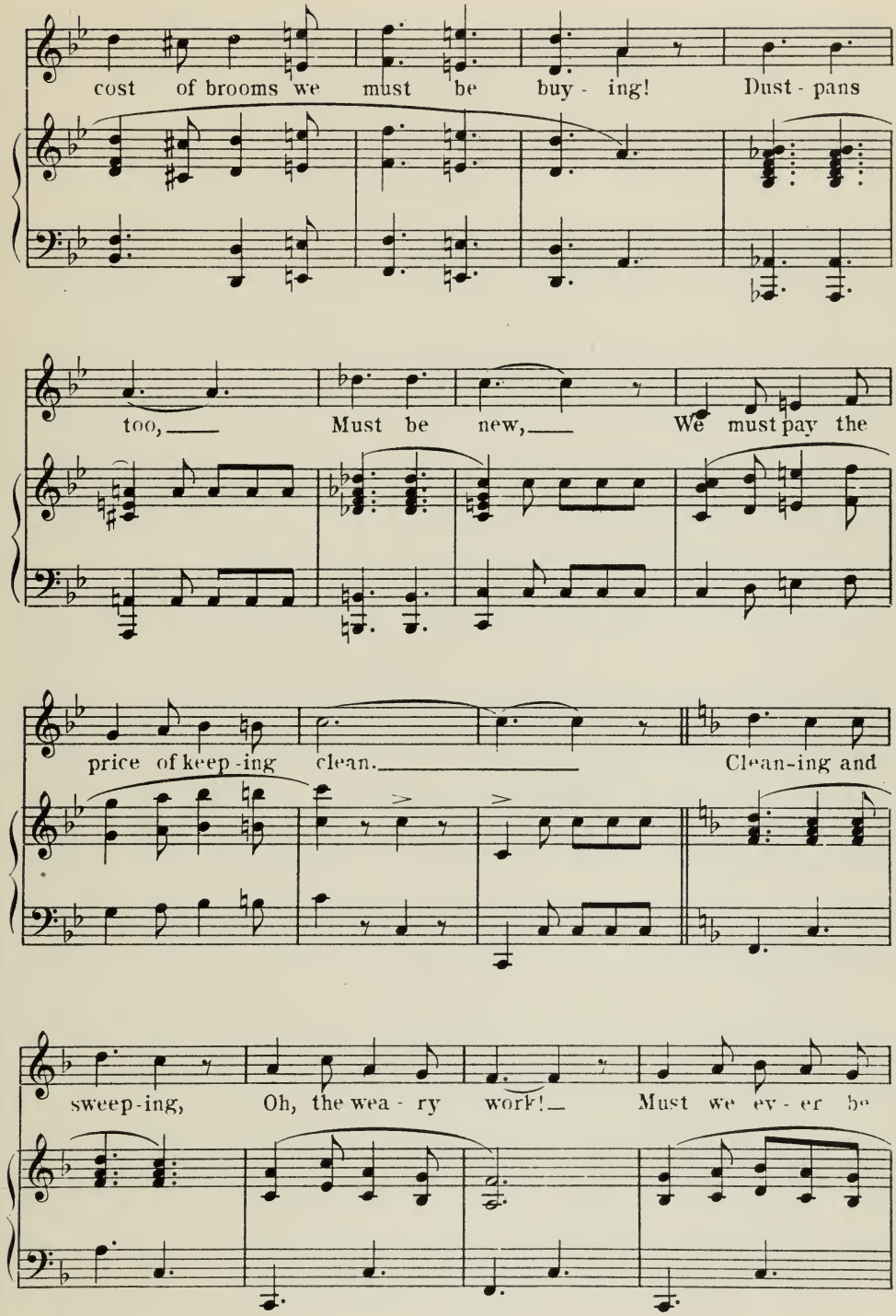
No 1

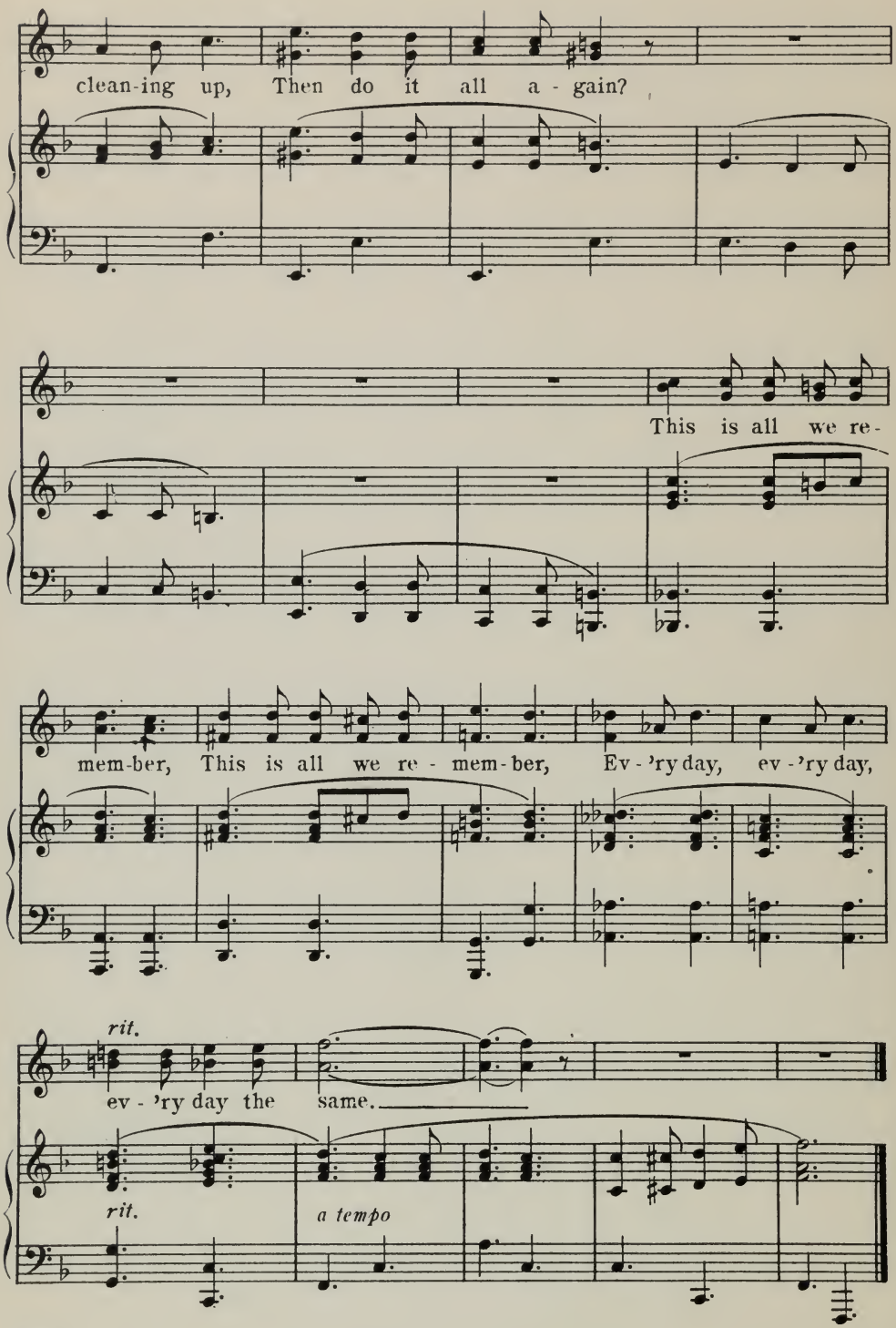



get it done, Down comes a cloud of smoke!
Then we do it all
o - ver, Then we do it all o - ver, Ev - 'ry day,


ev - 'ry day, ev - 'ry day the same.
No-bod-y can ev - er say that


we're not try - ing, Just think of the cost of brooms we must be
buy - ing! Dust-pans too, Must be new,
We must pay the price of keep - ing clean. No-bod-y can
ev - er say that we're not try - ing, Just think of the


cost of brooms we must be buy - ing! Dust - pans
too, Must be new, We must pay the
price of keep - ing clean. Clean - ing and
sweep - ing, Oh, the wea - ry work! Must we ev - er be


clean-ing up, Then do it all a - gain?
This is all we re-
mem-ber, This is all we re - mem-ber, Ev - 'ry day, ev - 'ry day,
rit.
ev - 'ry day the same.
rit.
a tempo

ONE SISTER.....*(Throwing her broom toward the bench)* I'm tired of singing that song. Mother thinks it makes us work harder if we're always reminded of the high cost of living and the need of keeping clean. We've been at it all morning.

ANOTHER.....*(Throwing her dust-pan after the broom rebelliously)* It doesn't make me want to work.... Anyway, I'm hungry, and there's nothing but stale bread in the house for lunch. We never get any butter because we have to spend all the money for soap! *(stamping her foot)* I'm tired of being starved to keep us children clean and respectable.. I'm going to run away...

MEG.....*(Picking up the discarded broom and handing it to her)* No, you're not. It isn't mother's fault that we have such a hard time of it.

SISTER.....Whose is it then?

MEG.....The Black Bogie.

SISTER.....Shucks! I don't believe in bogies. Mother made that up to frighten us. She knows how we hate the Old Shoe *(pointing to the tenement)* She's afraid we'll run away. You don't really think there is a Black Bogie, do you, Meg?

MEG.....I don't know... But he's very real to Mother.

(Dame Needy returns with pail and clothes-line)

MOTHER.....*(Crossly)* As soon as my back is turned you stop working and begin to gab!

MEG.....We were talking about the Black Bogie. Some of us don't believe there is one.

MOTHER.....Isn't there? Well, wait until you come as close to him as I have.

I've seen him. *(They all gather around her to listen)* Ever since we came to live in the city, the Bogie has been after us. Whenever I open the window in the morning, the demon is there, waiting to fly in, but quick as I can, I shoo him away with my duster; and at night when I lock the door he's still watching, ready to rush inside unless I frighten him off with my broom... He's always hanging around waiting to grab hold of nice little children and after he gets through with them, their own mother wouldn't know them; they're so changed.

ONE SISTER.....He'll never catch me. I can run faster than anyone.

ANOTHER.....So can I.

MOTHER.....Well, then, see how fast you can run indoors and get the clothes washed.

ONE.....Oh, Mother! This is Saturday. Everybody else has a holiday.

MOTHER.....*(Crossly)* Tomorrow is Sunday. One day of rest in the week is enough.

ANOTHER.....But it's Spring-time, Mother. And over there the hills are green.

MOTHER..... *(Looking)* Where do you see any green? I don't. Everything's gray, gray like the clouds, or black like the smoke. No wonder they call this Twilight Alley.

ONE..... *(Hopefully)* Then why won't you let us get away from it for a while?

MOTHER.....Home is the safest place for children. Haven't I told you it's dangerous to go through the city streets so long as the Bogie and his crew are about? *(handing her the clothes-line)* Now get to work, all of you, and be quick about it. Meg, help them hang up the line. It's all in a knot. *(The girls sullenly pull at the clothes-line in an effort to untangle it. Mother goes inside)*

ONE.....*(To Meg)* It's as full of knots as Mother's temper... She wasn't like that in the country.

(Girls hang line during following, children of the neighborhood come in and fill back of stage quietly watching and listening)

MEG.....It's the work makes her cross. She's never through... And it's living down here when you never see the blue sky because of the smoke. She doesn't believe there are green hills over yonder. *(pointing)* Her eyes are not good as ours, and she can't see through the veil of smoke that hides them. But I know; I've been there.

ONE SISTER.....You have? Is it as wonderful as it seems from here?

MEG.....*(Coming down front)* It's so beautiful on the hilltop, I can't describe it. Trees, flowers, birds, butterflies, and the whole world down at your feet!

ONE.....Tell us about it. How did you get away?

MEG.....*(As they gather around her) (Chorus crowds close behind)* One day when mother sent me out to buy soap, I walked on and on with my eyes on the hills. I didn't know I had gone far until I found myself at the foot of the road that leads to the top....

ONE.....The hills are the home of the fairies. *(eagerly)* Did you see one?

MEG Not exactly, but I saw someone who looked as though she might be a princess out of a fairy tale....

When I got to the top, I came to a wonderful garden with a high wall around it. The gate was open; I thought it could do no harm to go in. And everywhere I saw flowers—red ones, white ones, blue ones—tall lilies, and tiny violets, and roses as big as cabbages—

ONE.....Aw, quit it, Meg! You're making this up.

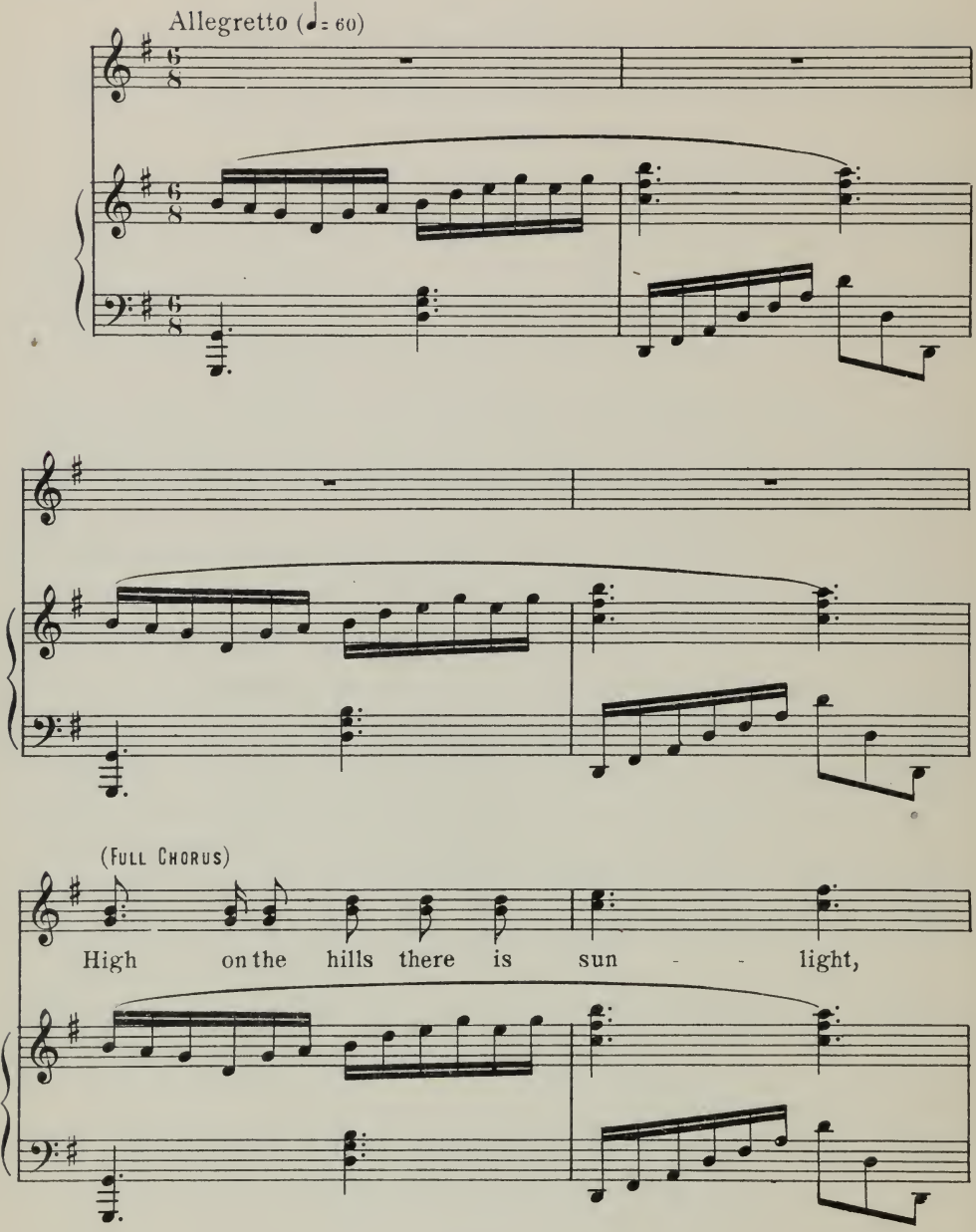
MEG.....It's the truth, girls. Cross my heart and hope to die... And over by the wall was a little white flower. The smell of it was so sweet that it came clear across the grass to where I stood. I looked at it so long and wanted it so much, that I thought no one would mind if I dug it up, roots and all, and took it home with me. And just as I had it in my hands, a girl, tall and pretty, all dressed in white, came down the path and called to me. I didn't wait to answer, but ran through the gate as fast as my legs would carry me, until I was safe at home.

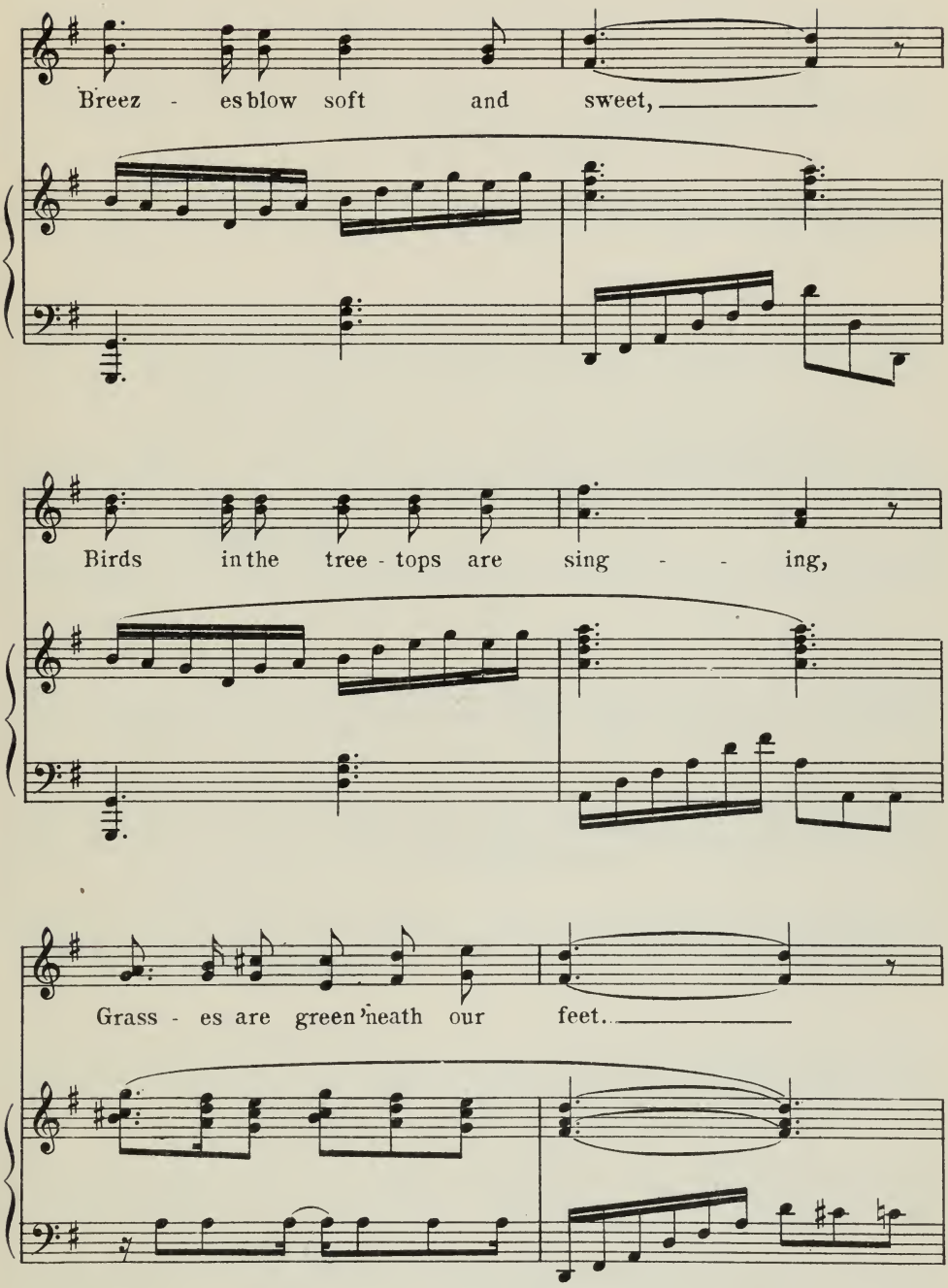
ONE.....*(Sighing)* Oh, if we could all go there together! Over there on the hilltops! To hear the birds singing—to lie in the green grass—with the breeze blowing over us...

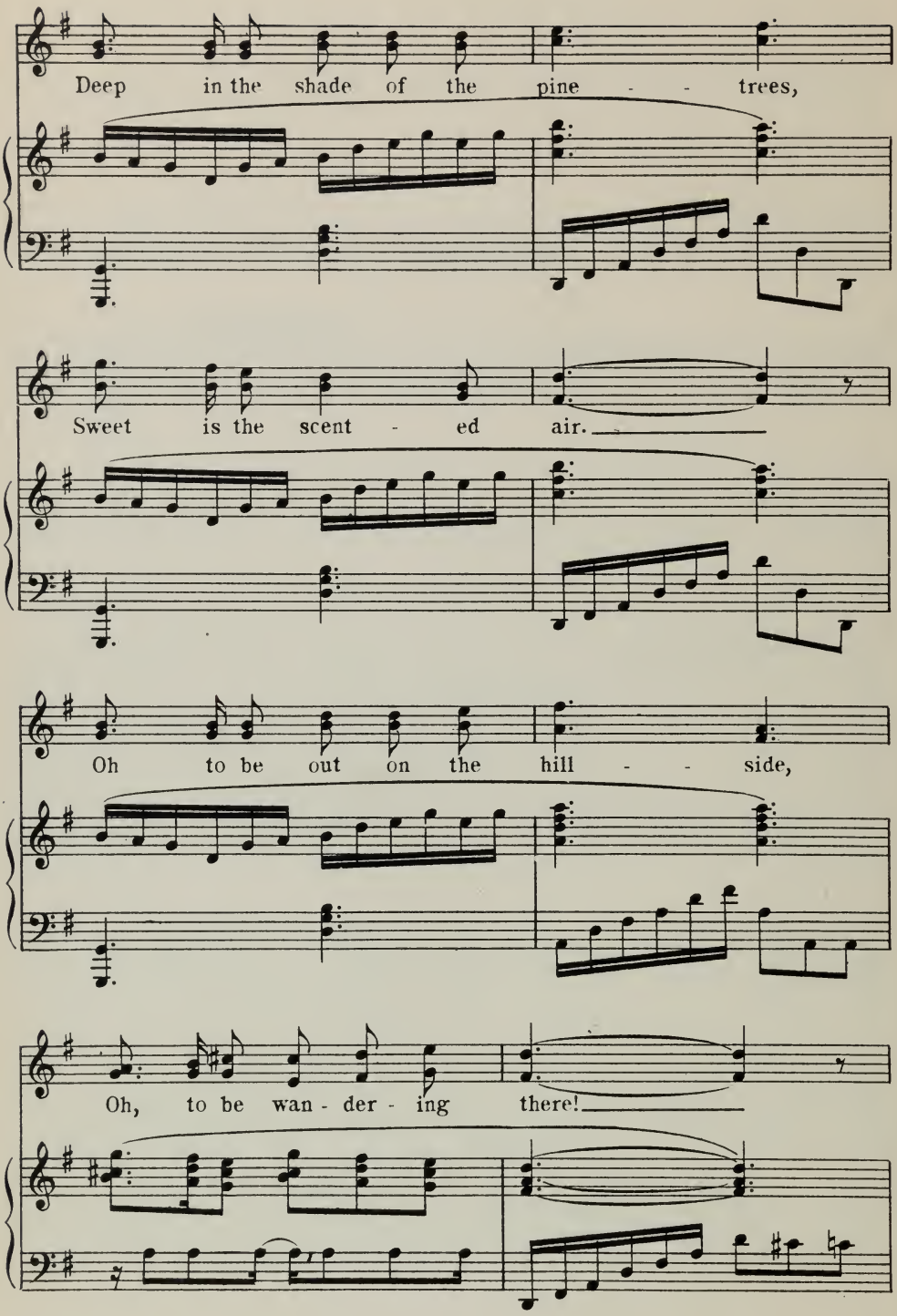
(All sing)

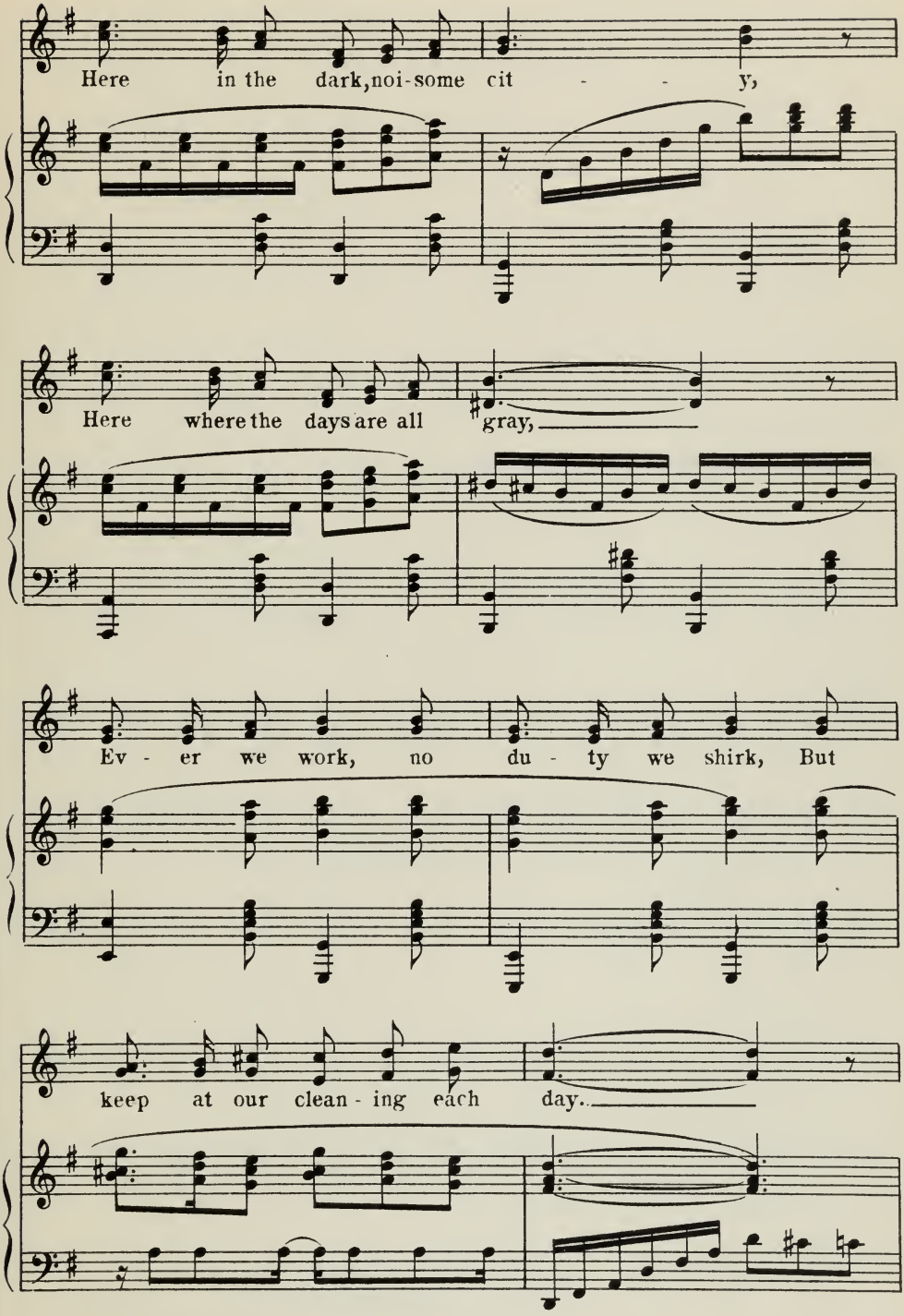
High on the Hills

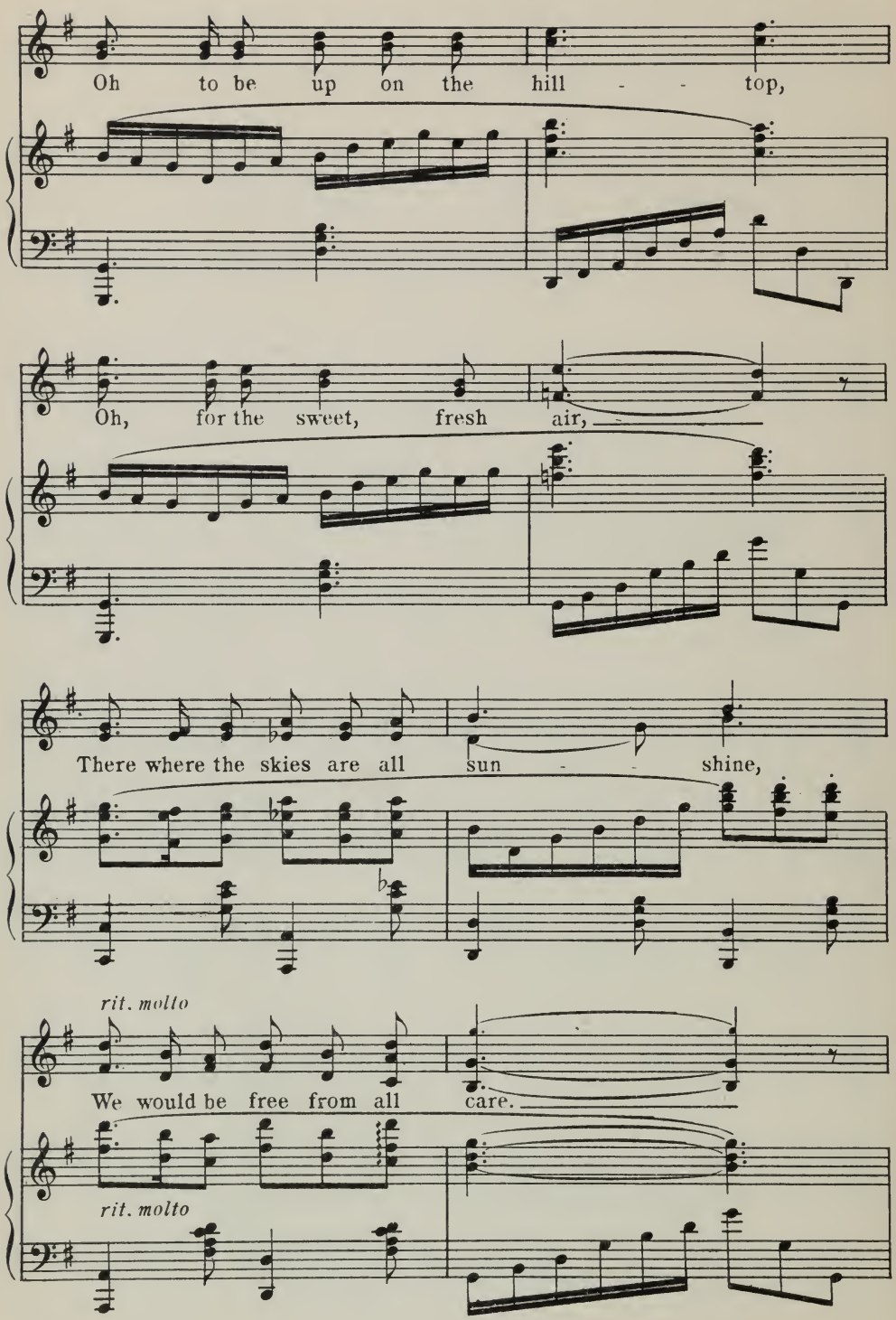
No 3

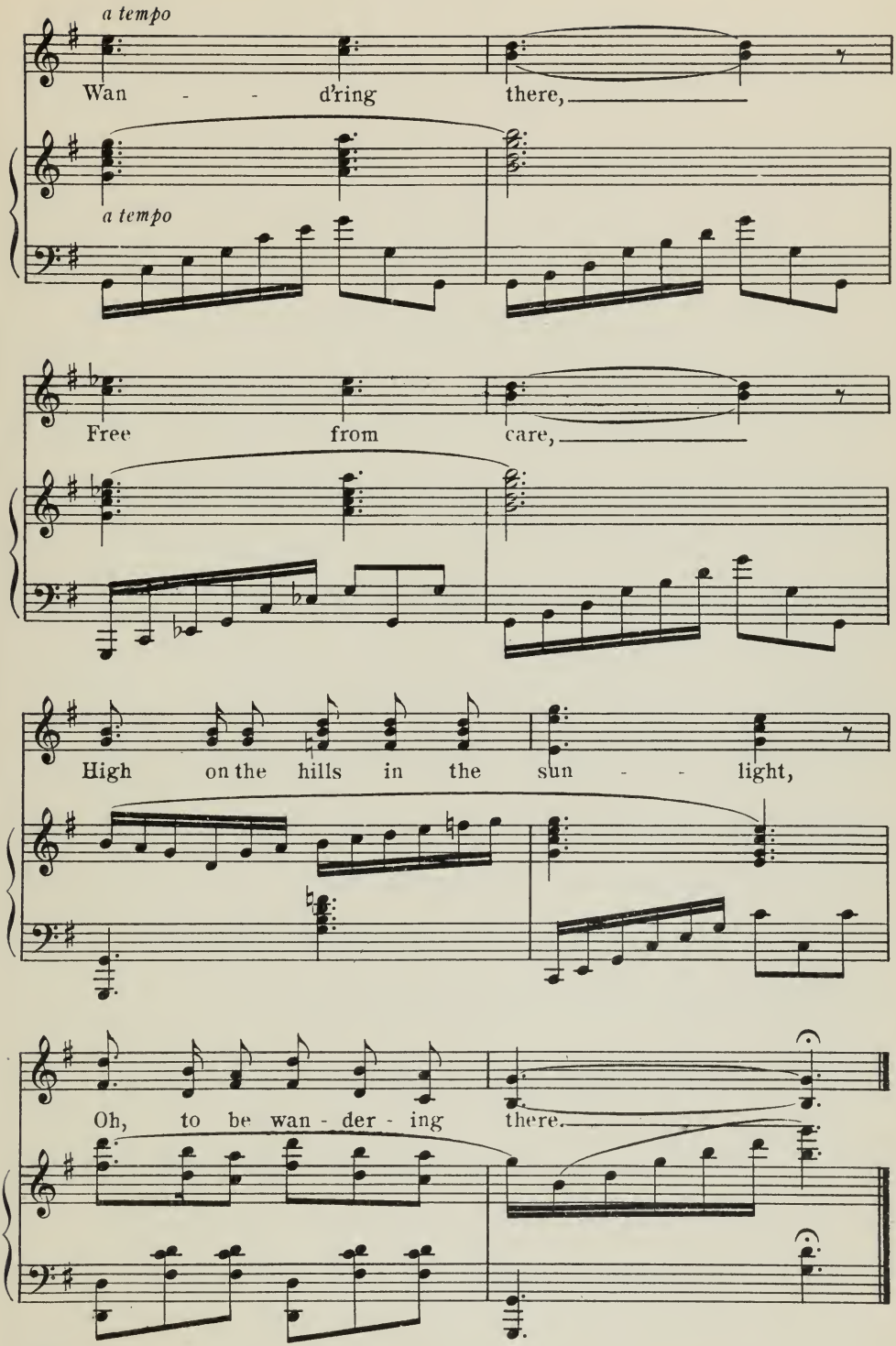



Breez - es blow soft and sweet,
Birds in the tree - tops are sing - - ing,
Grass - es are green 'neath our feet.


Deep in the shade of the pine - - trees,
Sweet is the scent - ed air.
Oh to be out on the hill - - side,
Oh, to be wan - der - ing there!


Here in the dark, noi-some cit - - y,
Here where the days are all gray,
Ev - er we work, no du - ty we shirk, But
keep at our clean - ing each day.


Oh to be up on the hill - - top,
Oh, for the sweet, fresh air,
There where the skies are all sun - - shine,
rit. molto
We would be free from all care.
rit. molto


a tempo
Wan - - d'ring there,
a tempo
Free from care,
High on the hills in the sun - - light,
Oh, to be wan - der - ing there.

MOTHER.....*(Exasperated)* What? Still idling! Go in, you lazy girls and stir the starch, and get the blue water ready. Here, Meg, hang out these bloomers.

(Meg hands pan and broom to one sister, takes the basket from her obediently; the others run into the house, except one, who remains to help after giving pan and broom to another sister)

MOTHER.....*(To Meg)* Always hang out your Sunday petticoats first; I'm particular about them because they're white. *(sighing)* But it doesn't matter how white they come out of the wash, after we hang them here in the court, where the soot flies, they're ready for the tub again.

MEG.....Why not hang them around the stove in the kitchen where the soot can't get them?

MOTHER.....You know the landlord won't allow it. It makes the walls sweat, then the wall-paper peels off. And the doctor says it makes the house damp; that's bad for Angelina's lungs. *(Just then a small child appears)* Go inside, Angelina, and shut the door. The smoke will get into your lungs and you'll be coughing again.

ANGELINA.....But the doctor said I must have fresh air.

MOTHER.....He said pure air. You can't get any of that in Twilight Alley. The house is the best place for you. Run inside. I'm coming to give you your medicine. Your mother left the bottle with me this morning when she went to work. *(Angelina reluctantly retreats)*

(Dame Needy follows)

ONE SISTER.....*(To Meg, as she hangs up a blue gingham pinafore)* I just hate these blue aprons.

MEG..... But we've got to wear 'em to save wash.

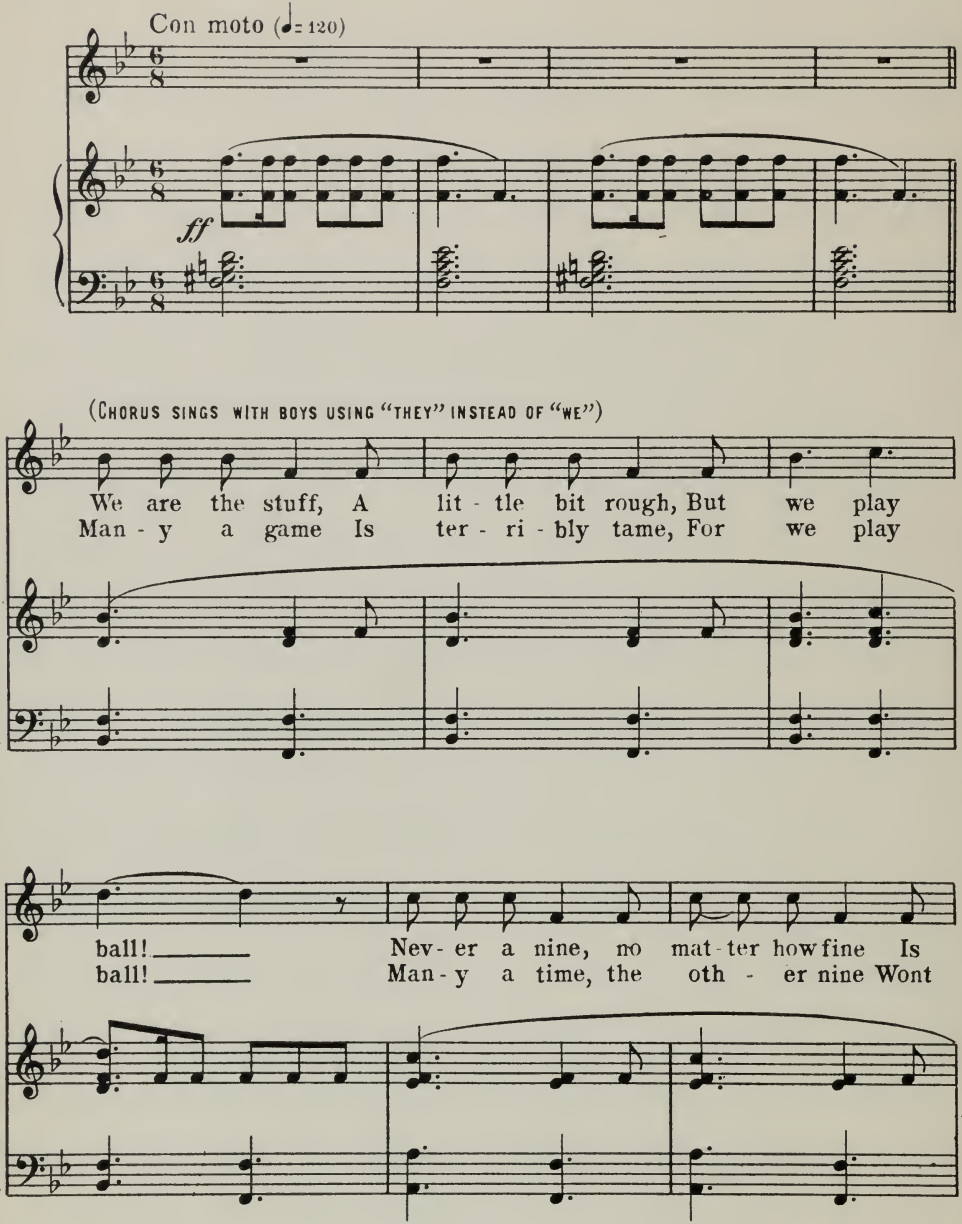
ONE SISTER.....When I wear dark blue, I feel blue all over. Little girls ought to wear nothing but white, like the angels.

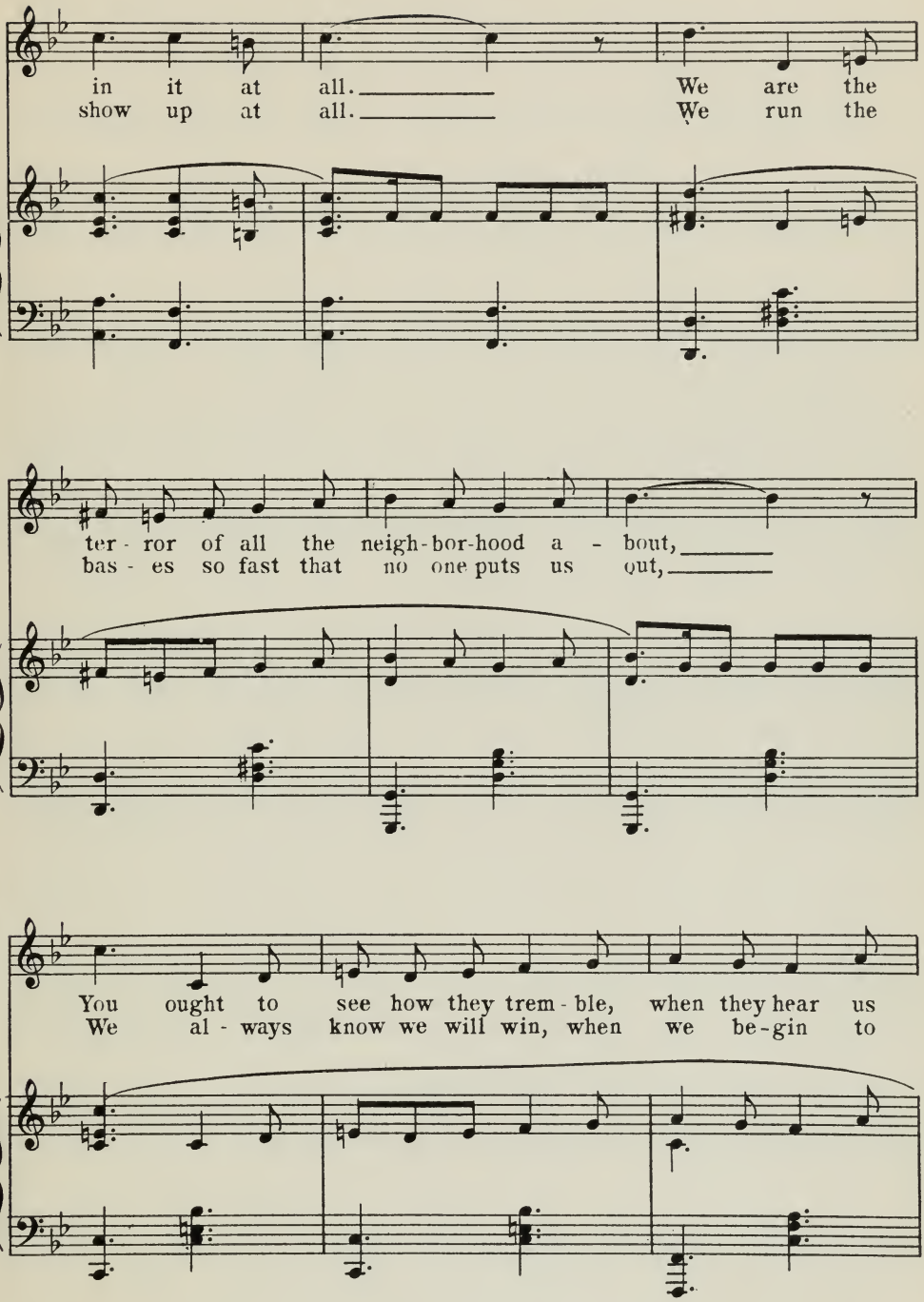
MEG.....But we're not angels.

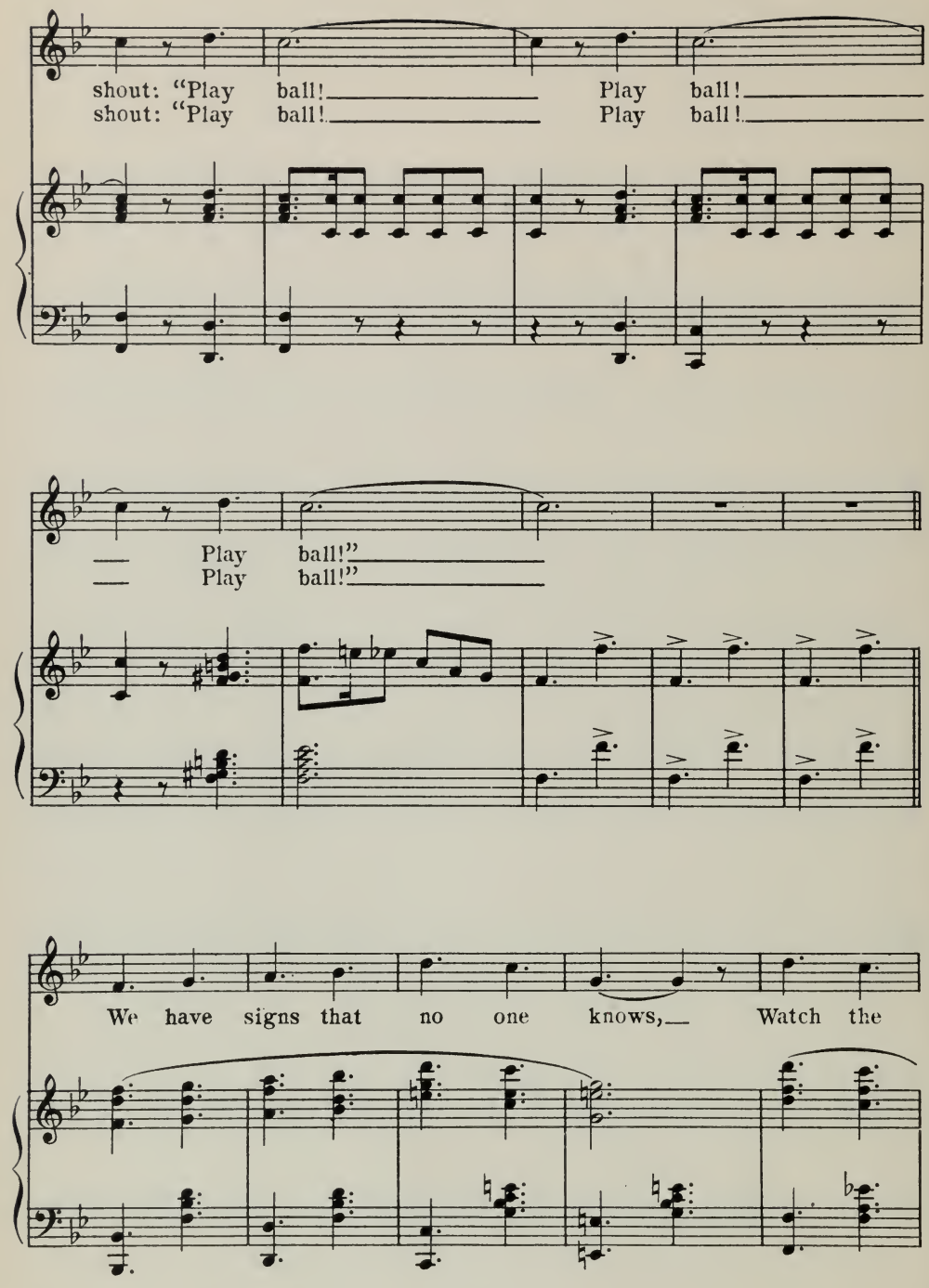
SISTER..... No, I suppose not. Mother says we're imps of Satan. But I could behave much better in the right kind of clothes, I just know I could. In pink, for instance. A pink dress would make me feel nice all over. I'd want to dance and curtsy and be polite to everybody. *(Dame Needy returning fretfully to front center)* Where's Jack? I need some more kindling. My fire went out, just as the clothes started to boil. *(calling loudly)* Jack! Jack! I suppose he's out in the alley with the rest of the gang, up to some mischief. *(to Meg and her sister)* Go in and help your sisters. Be sure to rub hard enough when you come to Jack's overalls. *(As Meg and sister go inside, taking basket, Jack and his eight companions enter)*

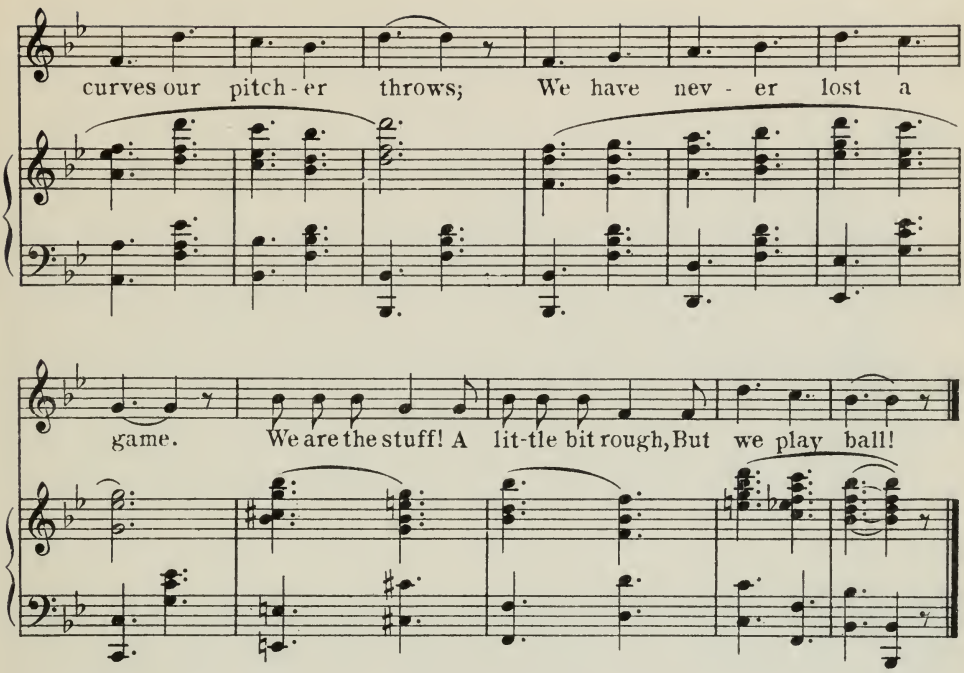
Base-ball Song

No 4




in it at all. We are the
show up at all. We run the
ter - ror of all the neigh-bor-hood a - bout,
bas - es so fast that no one puts us out,
You ought to see how they trem - ble, when they hear us
We al - ways know we will win, when we be-gin to


shout: "Play ball! Play ball!
shout: "Play ball! Play ball!
Play ball!"
Play ball!"
We have signs that no one knows, Watch the



DAME NEEDY.....(*Threatening the boys with the broom*) (*Dame Needy puts broom down by bench*) Get out, you young scamps, and let Jack alone. There's work for him to do. (*Boys make a pretense of going but return*) (*Jack attempts to sneak off but she catches him and leads him back by the ear*) (*Looking him over accusingly*) You've been with him again!

JACK.....Him? Who do you mean?

DAME.....The Black Bogie of course. Just look at you! You've been playing in the gutter. You're dirty from head to foot.

JACK.....Ah, quit it, Mother. You can't frighten a big boy like me with your stories about bogies.

DAME NEEDY.....Can't I? Well, just wait. He'll nab you some day, and then look out!

JACK.....Strange I've never seen him. What'll he do to me?

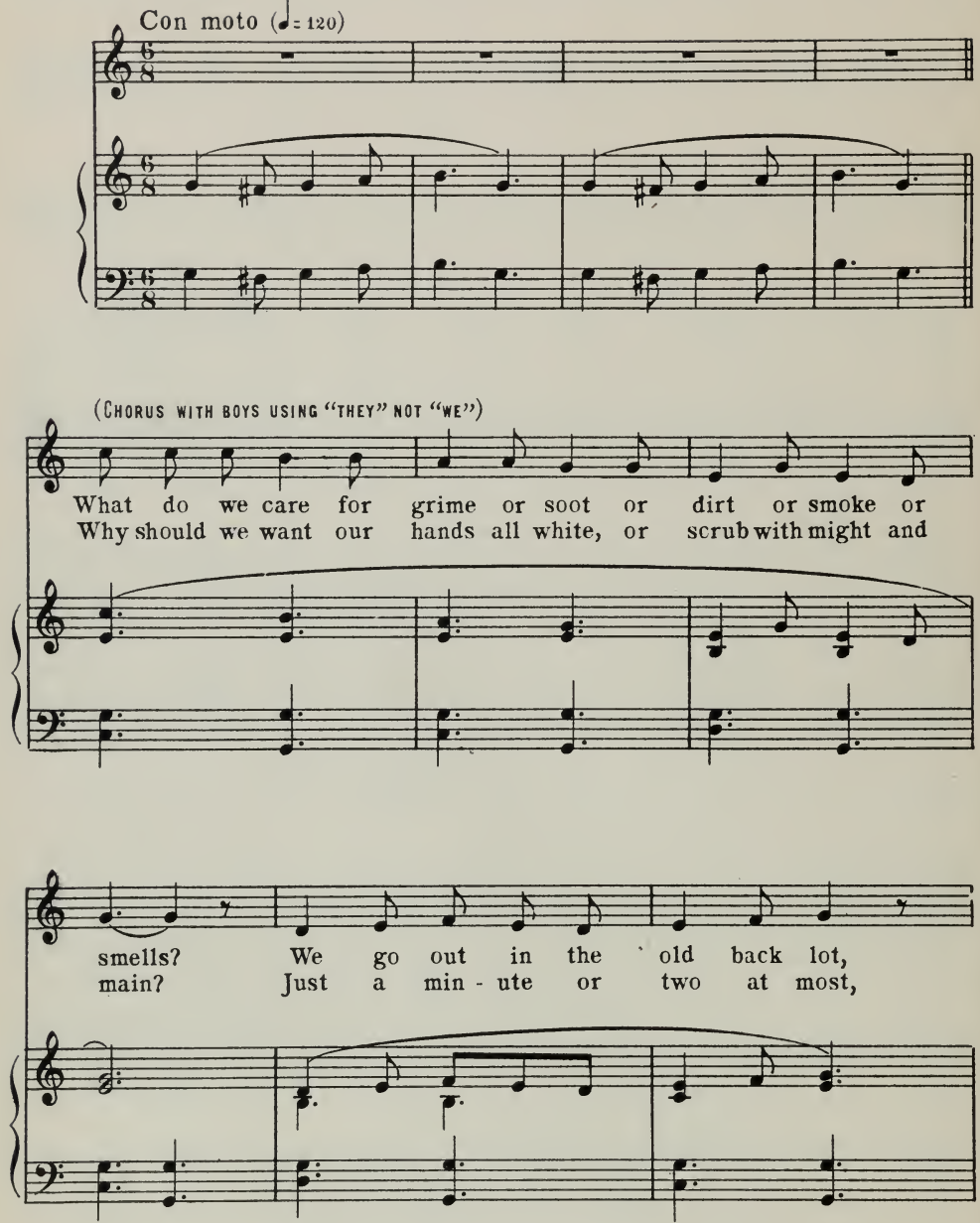
DAME NEEDY.....He'll swoop down on you like a hawk, and hold you tight, and then one of his devil crew will put his mark on you. There are others to help him, Smudge and Soot, Grime and Poison Gas, a whole band of them.

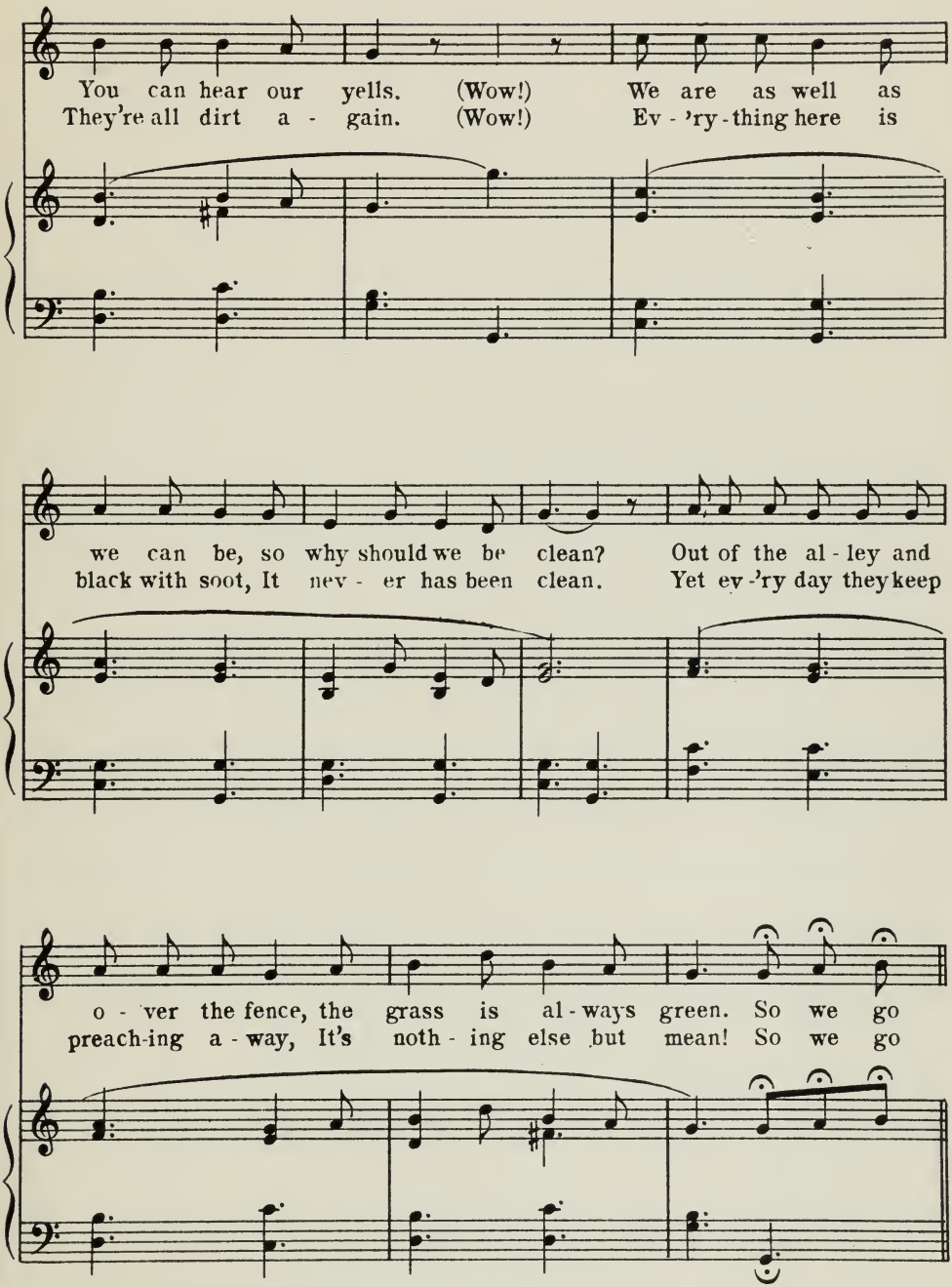
JACK.....Hump! I've got a birth-mark on my back now that won't come off. One more or one less won't matter.

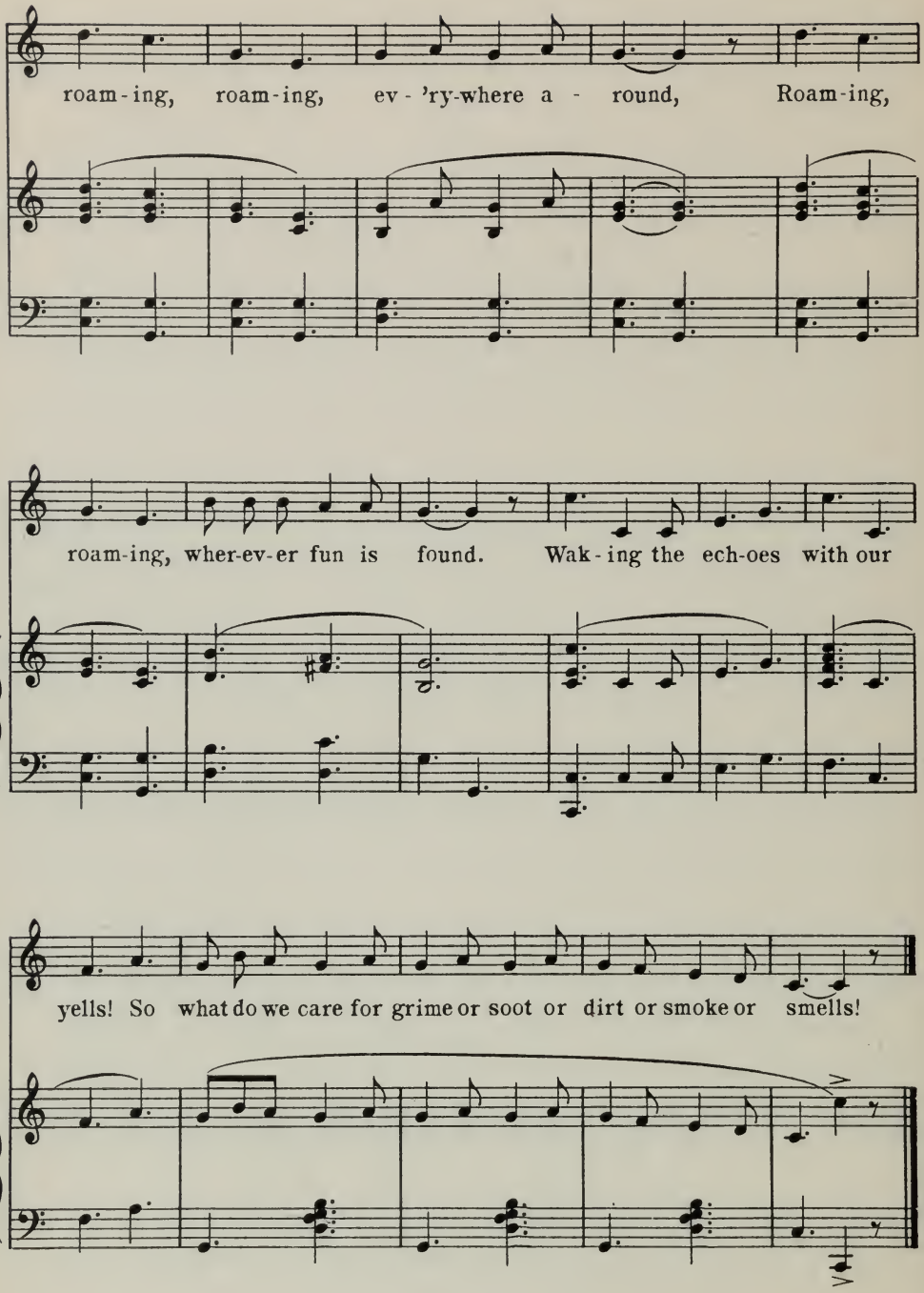
DAME NEEDY.....But the Bogie will brand you everywhere; your cheek, your chin, there isn't a spot outside or inside that he can't get at. And what he does to your lungs! Just remember Angelina. (*Boys in the back - ground hoot at her advice and begin to sing.*)

What do we care

No 5




You can hear our yells. (Wow!) We are as well as
They're all dirt a - gain. (Wow!) Ev - 'ry - thing here is
we can be, so why should we be clean? Out of the al - ley and
black with soot, It nev - er has been clean. Yet ev - 'ry day they keep
o - ver the fence, the grass is al - ways green. So we go
preach-ing a - way, It's noth - ing else but mean! So we go


roam-ing, roam-ing, ev-'ry-where a - round, Roam-ing,
roam-ing, wher-ev-er fun is found. Wak-ing the ech-oes with our
yells! So what do we care for grime or soot or dirt or smoke or smells!

DAME NEEDY.....*(To Jack)* You go into the house

JACK.....*(Rebelliously)* But I won't stay shut up in that Old Shoe. I'm cramped in there. It's an ugly old prison and I hate it. I want to be out-of-doors where a fellow's free to move about and stretch himself.

DAME NEEDY.....*(handing him the ax)* I'll give you something to do; if it's stretching you want. Go chop up those soap boxes in the cellar and make me some kindling. My fire's out; be quick about it.

(Jack goes in sullenly, driven by his mother who follows him.) (Meg comes out with another huge basket of clothes, and begins to hang them up. While she is thus engaged, a young girl a year or two older than Meg, dressed in spotless white, carrying a white parasol, enters and looks about curiously.)

LILY.....*(seeing Meg)* Excuse me, but what place is this? I've lost my way.

MEG.....*(staring at her in open admiration)* Sure, the likes of you don't belong here. This is the court of the Old Shoe, in Twilight Alley.

LILY.....What a queer name for a house, the Old Shoe!

MEG.....Mother named it that because the house is so old, it's ready to go to pieces.

LILY.....*(looking about her)* A court, did you say? I've read of courts and kings and queens, but this is different.

MEG.....I should say so. I've read about 'em too. No queens in this place, just workers. *(Goes on hanging up the clothes)* It's a tenement in the city, a backyard in Twilight Alley. There are hundreds of others like it.

LILY.....*(wandering about)* Not a blade of grass! Nothing but cinders and ash-cans.

MEG.....*(resentfully)* Well, what would you have? Plush furniture and silver spitoons? It's good enough for us workers. The more things we own the more work we have keeping them clean. I'm mighty glad I don't have a throne to sweep every morning.

LILY.....*(hastily)* Oh, please don't be offended. I didn't mean to criticise. Only it's different where I live up there on the hill.

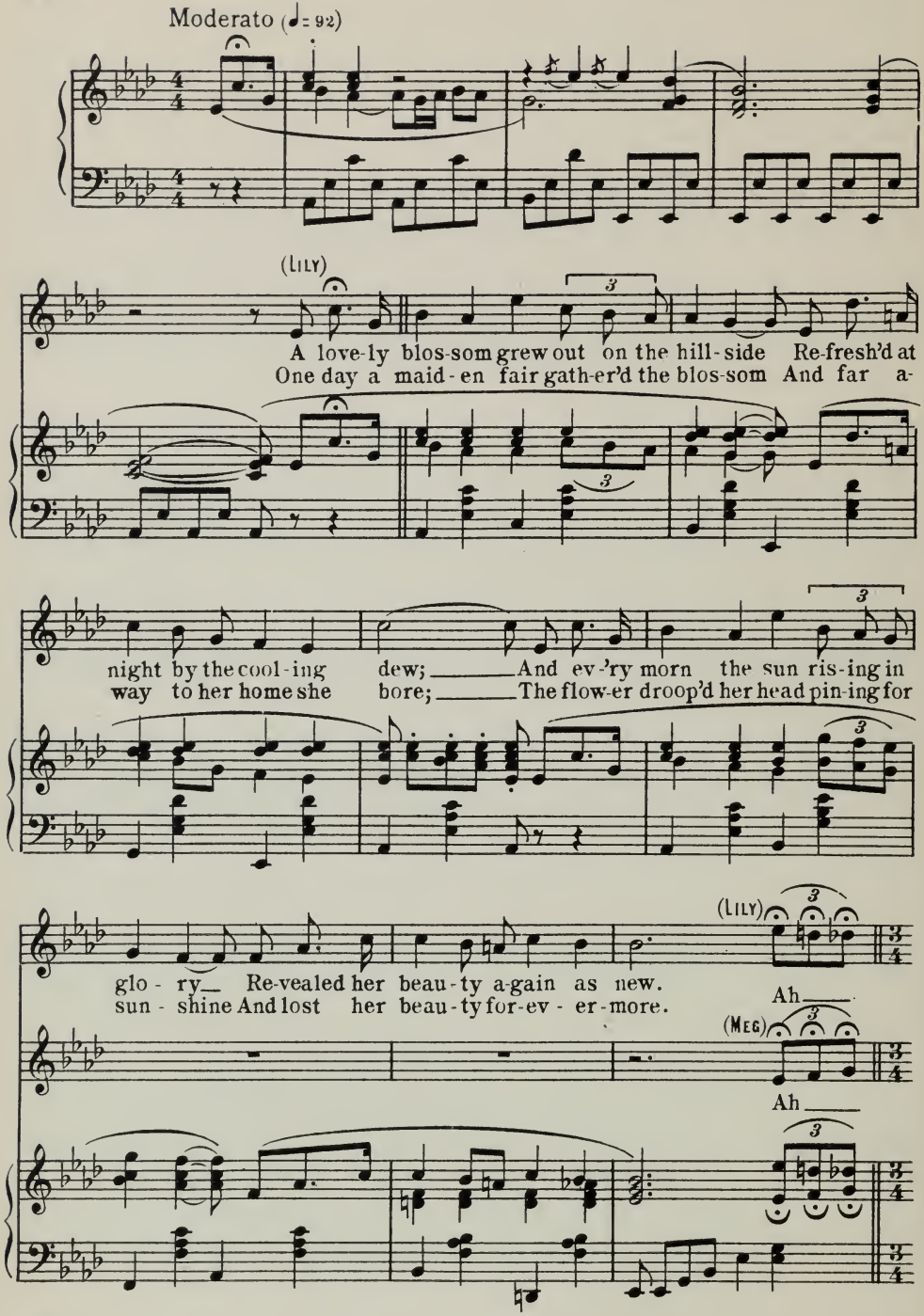
MEG.....*(interested)* On the hill, did you say? *(looks at her in a startled way)* Do you live way up at the top where there is a garden?

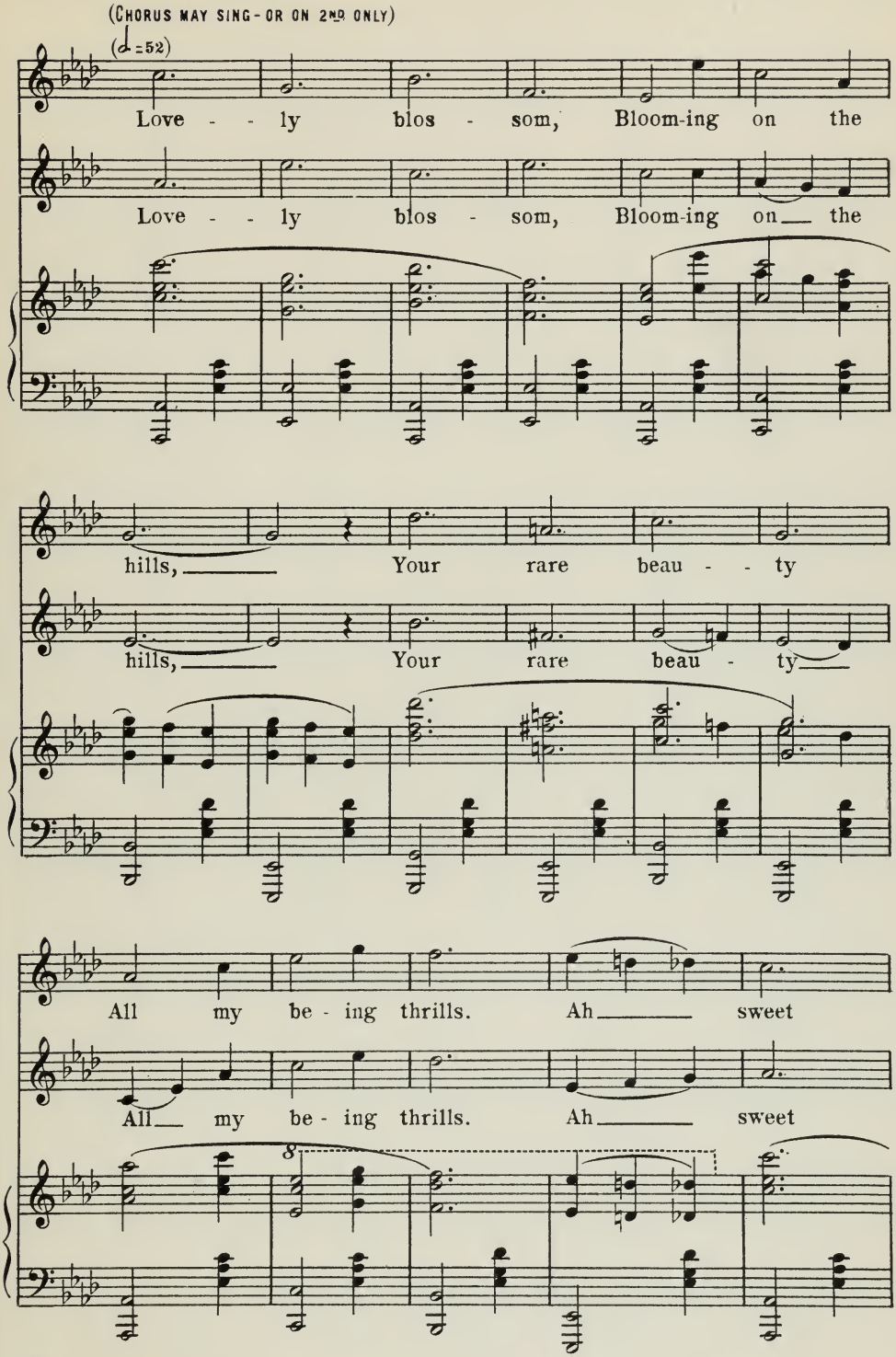
LILY.....Yes. It's a beautiful place. I ll sing you something about my garden, if you like. A poet wrote a song about it after coming to our house for tea. Do you want to hear it?

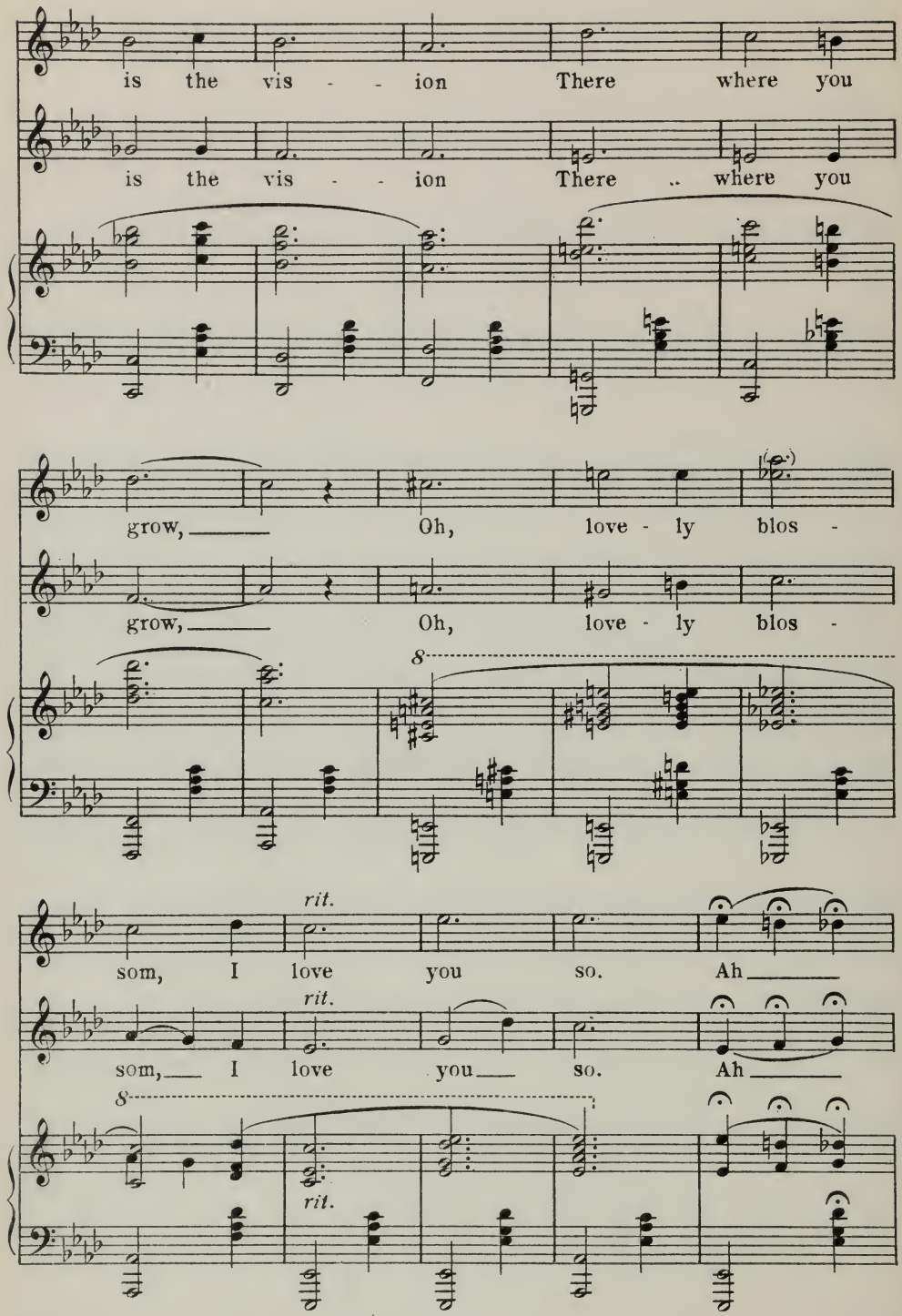
MEG.....Oh, please!

Lovely Blossom

No. 6




(CHORUS MAY SING - OR ON 2ND ONLY)
(♩=52)
Love - - ly blos - som, Bloom-ing on the
Love - - ly blos - som, Bloom-ing on the
hills, Your rare beau - - ty
hills, Your rare beau - ty
All my be - ing thrills. Ah sweet
All my be - ing thrills. Ah sweet
8


is the vis - - ion There where you
is the vis - - ion There .. where you
grow, Oh, love - ly blos -
grow, Oh, love - ly blos -
8
rit.
som, I love you so. Ah
rit.
som, I love you so. Ah
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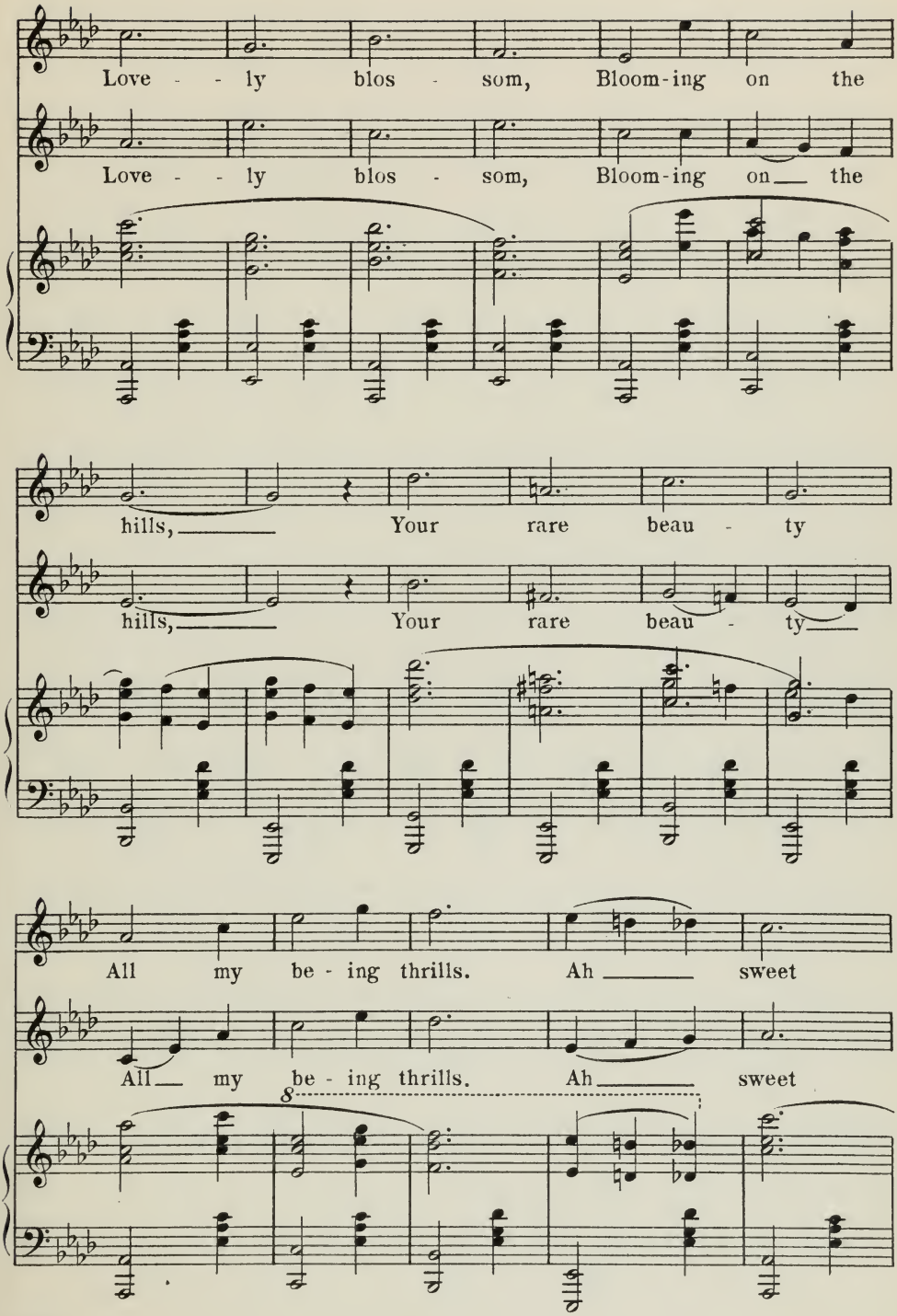
rit.


Love - - ly blos - som, Bloom-ing on the
Love - - ly blos - som, Bloom-ing on the
hills, Your rare beau - ty
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All my be - ing thrills. Ah sweet
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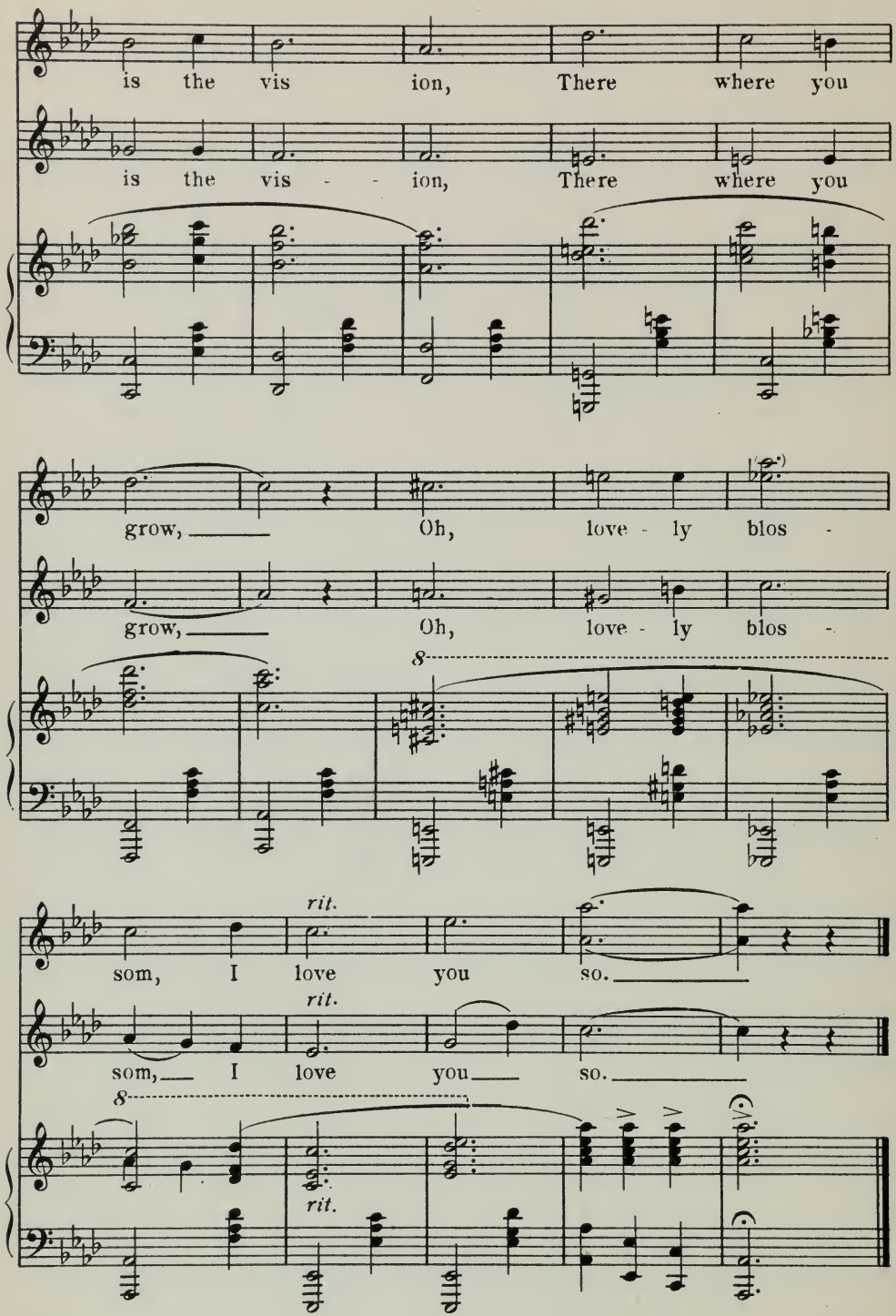
8


is the vis ion, There where you
is the vis - - ion, There where you
grow, Oh, love - ly blos -
grow, Oh, love - ly blos -
8
rit.
som, I love you so.
rit.
som, I love you so.
8
rit.

MEG.....*(embarrassed)* I might as well tell you. I took that flower you sang about.

LILY.....*(surprised)* You are the girl in blue gingham who came there a month ago and rooted up one of my plants?

MEG.....*(hanging her head)* Yes.

LILY.....*(indignantly)* Oh, don't you know that is wrong?

MEG.....I didn't think you would miss it, seeing how many hundreds of others there were.

LILY.....But this was the only one of its kind. A very dear friend sent it to me from the South. I tended it so carefully, I wasn't sure it would bear transplanting in this climate.

MEG.....*(humbly)* I'm sorry. I didn't stop to think. It seemed just like any other flower. I didn't even know the name of it.

LILY.....Neither do I. I called it the Flower without a Name. It was a stranger in my garden, an alien.

MEG.....I made up a name for it. I called it Angelina.

Angelina? Why? *(As she speaks, the little girl appears at the door with her rag doll. She is pale and delicate looking, and has a weak little voice)*

ANGELINA.....Did you call me, Meg?

MEG.....No, Angelina.

ANGELINA.....*(admiring Lily)* Who is the pretty white lady?

MEG.....She lives up there on the hill.

ANGELINA.....Is she the hill fairy you told me about?

LILY.....*(smiling and twirling about)* No, little girl. I haven't any wings, only a white parasol *(to Meg)* Who is she? Your little sister? *(Angelina comes forward to examine the parasol with interest.)*

MEG..... No, she's Angelina. I named the flower after her because they're so much alike, white and delicate. Angelina's mother brought her here from the South, just like your flower; but Angelina couldn't stand the bad air. The Doctor wanted her mother to take her back South, but she hadn't the money. She's working every day to earn enough to go back. They live in our basement; it's dark down there—much darker than it is anywhere else in Twilight Alley.

LILY..... *(musing)* Twilight Alley! Seems to me I've heard my father mention this place. He owns a lot of property down town. *(impatiently)* But you haven't told me what you did with the flower.

MEG..... *(sadly)* I meant to take such good care of it. I planted it close to the wall of the Old Shoe between the bricks, and gave it plenty of water. But the sun doesn't shine here because of the smoke. It just withered and died. I'm awfully sorry. I wish now that I had left it in your garden.

LILY..... *(cheerfully)* Never mind. I'm sure you didn't do it in a spirit of mischief. *(looking down at the child with interest)* I've lost the flower, but I've found—Angelina. Come here, little girl.

(Angelina goes to her readily and she puts her arms around her)

Did you ever hear that the soul of the flower when it dies goes into the heart of a little child? *(looking earnestly at her)* Why, you look almost like my little lost flower! And so sad! What makes you so unhappy, Angelina?

ANGELINA..... *(holding out her doll)* My dollie is sick.

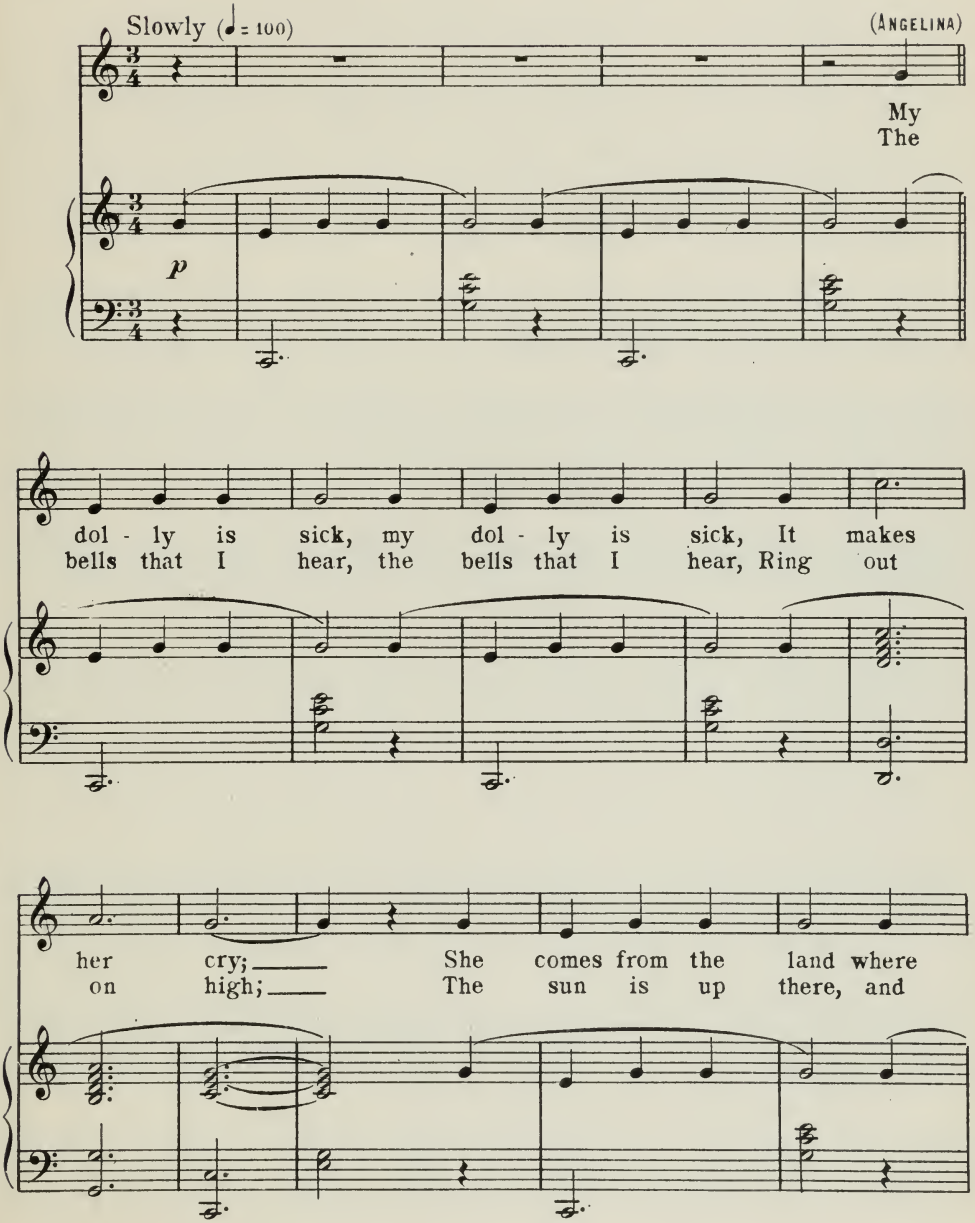
LILY..... What ails her?

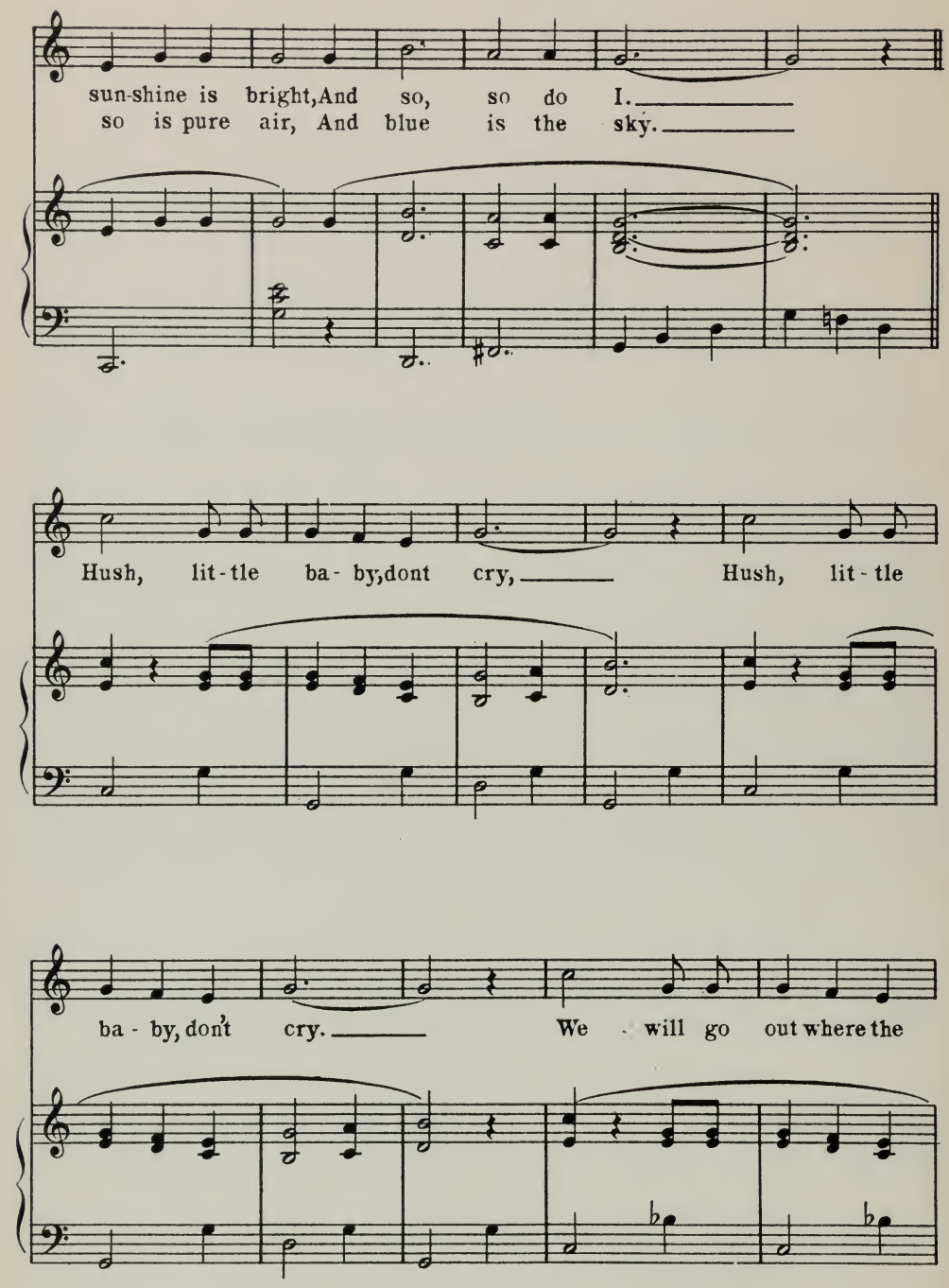
ANGELINA..... Mother thinks it's the Black Bogie's fault. He breathed on her and after that she didn't look the same.

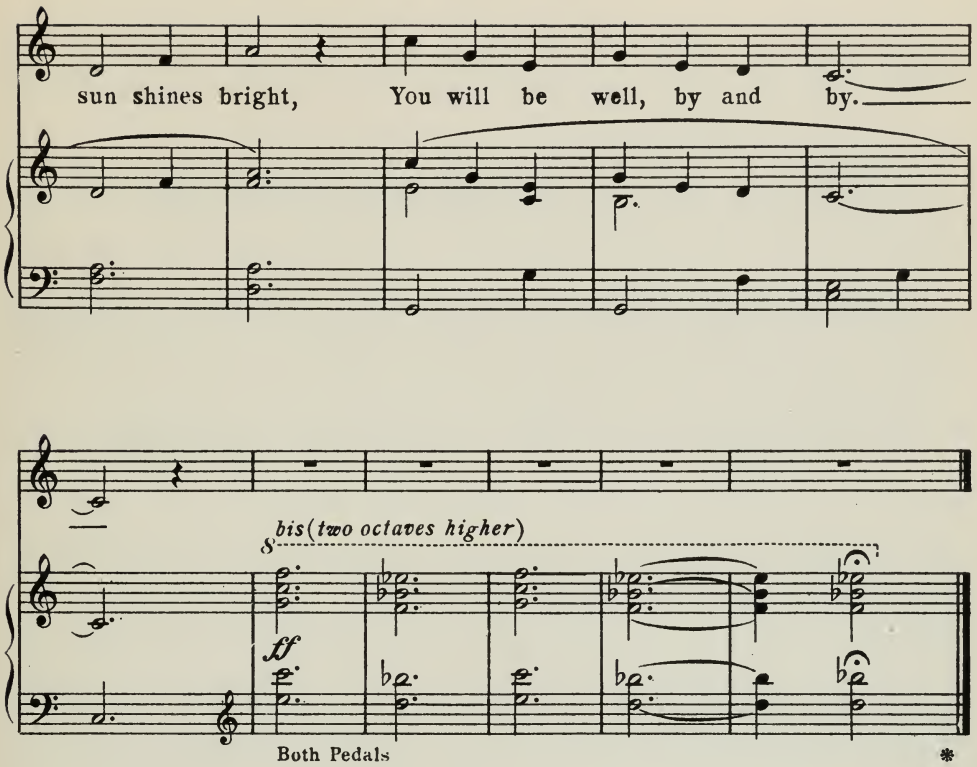
MEG..... She made up a song about it. Sing it for the lady, Angelina.

My dolly is Sick

No 7




sun-shine is bright, And so, so do I.
so is pure air, And blue is the sky.
Hush, lit-tle ba-by, dont cry, Hush, lit-tle
ba-by, don't cry. We will go out where the



LILY.....(*Addressing Angelina*) Do you want your doll to get well, Angelina?

ANGELINA.....Oh, yes! Will you give her the medicine?

LILY.....The medicine is there on the hills. Fresh air, and sunshine, that will make you over, too, from a little pale flower into a strong rosy blossom. (*holding out her hands*) Will you come with me?

ANGELINA.....(*Runs to her eagerly*) (*All the other girls pressing forward*) Take us! We want to see the hills. Please! Please!

LILY.....(*Pointing to the mother who has fallen asleep*) Will she let you go?

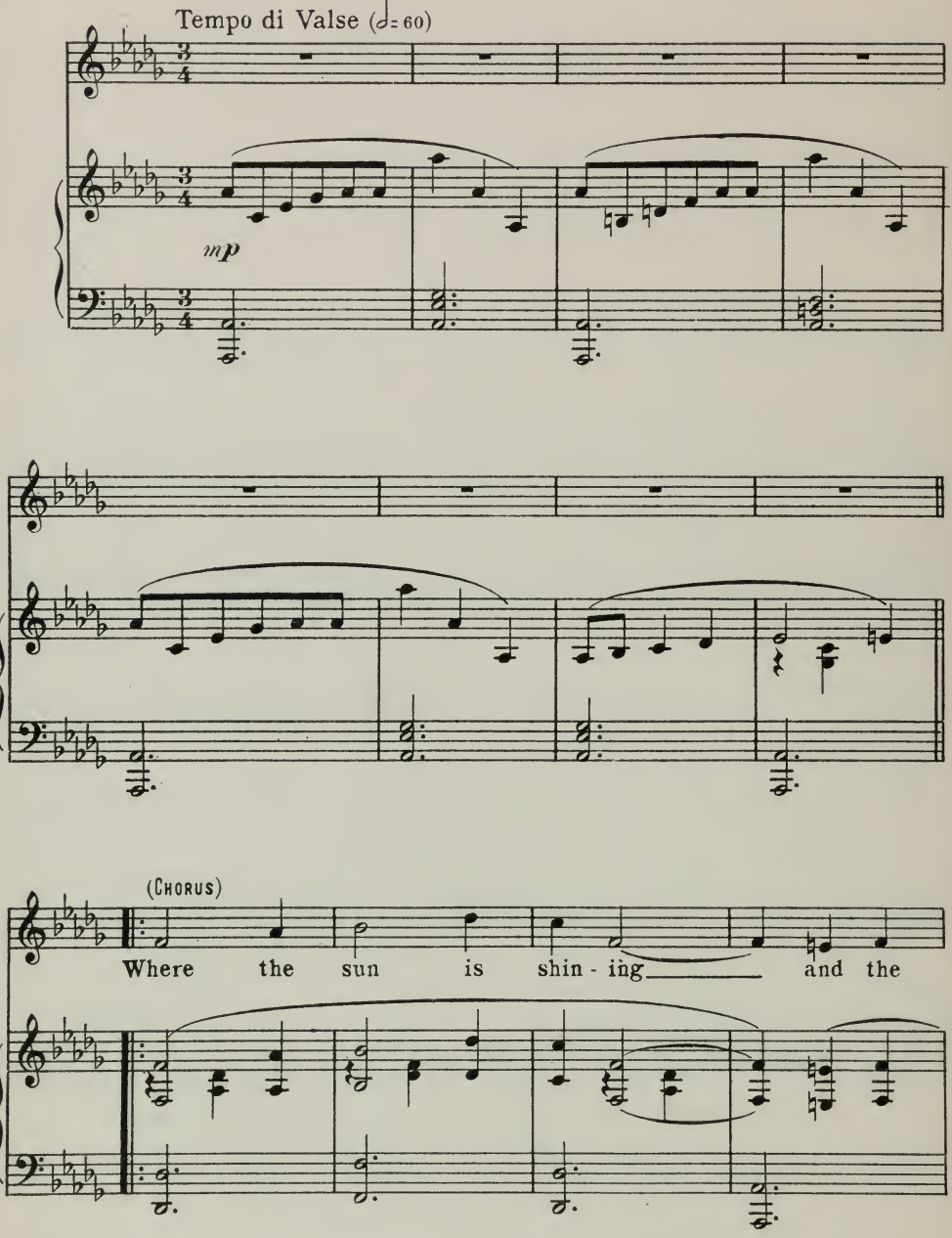
MEG.....No, there is work to do.

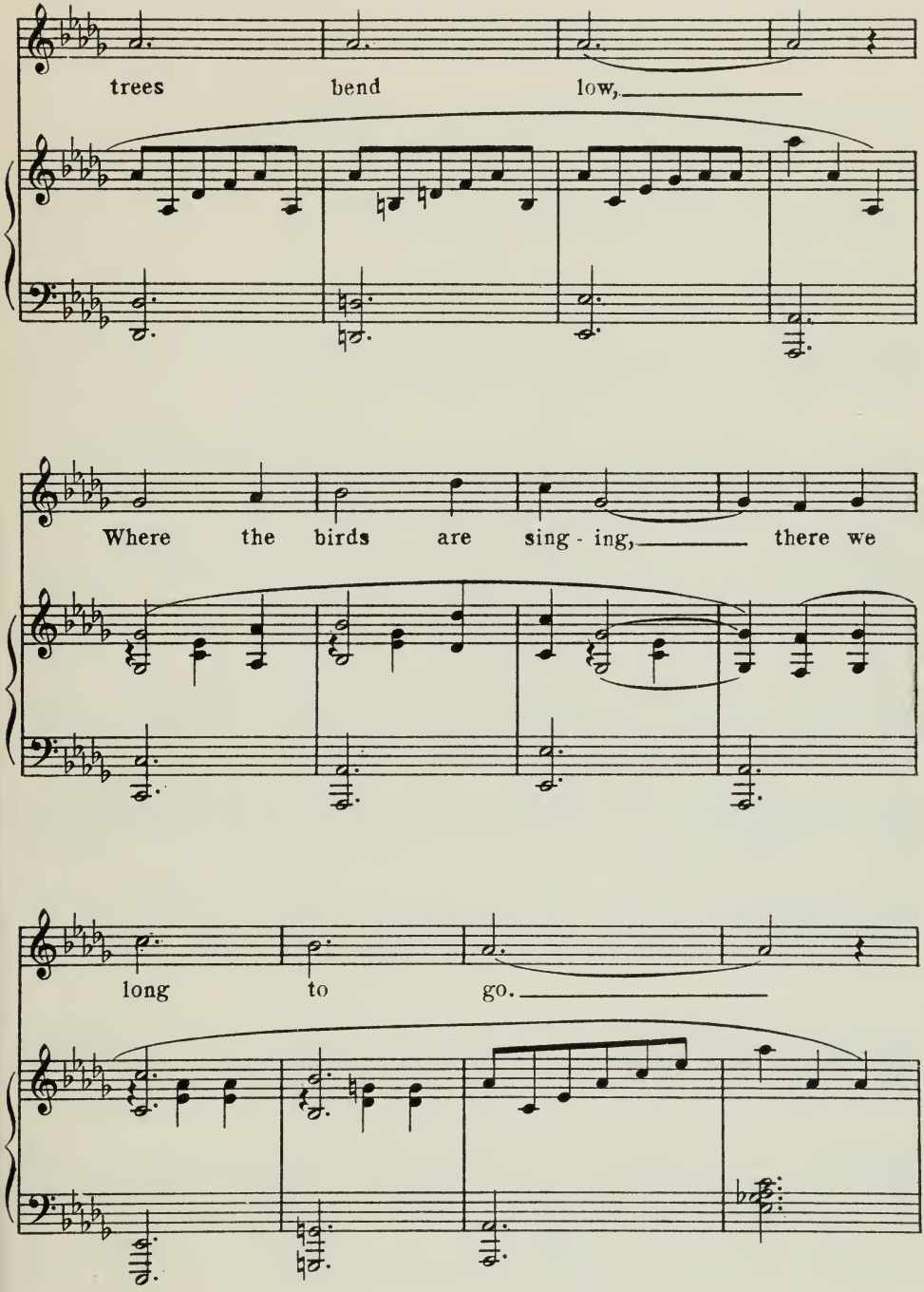
ONE SISTER.....(*Eagerly*) But we can work so much harder if we have a holiday. We'll run all the way and get back before Mother wakes.

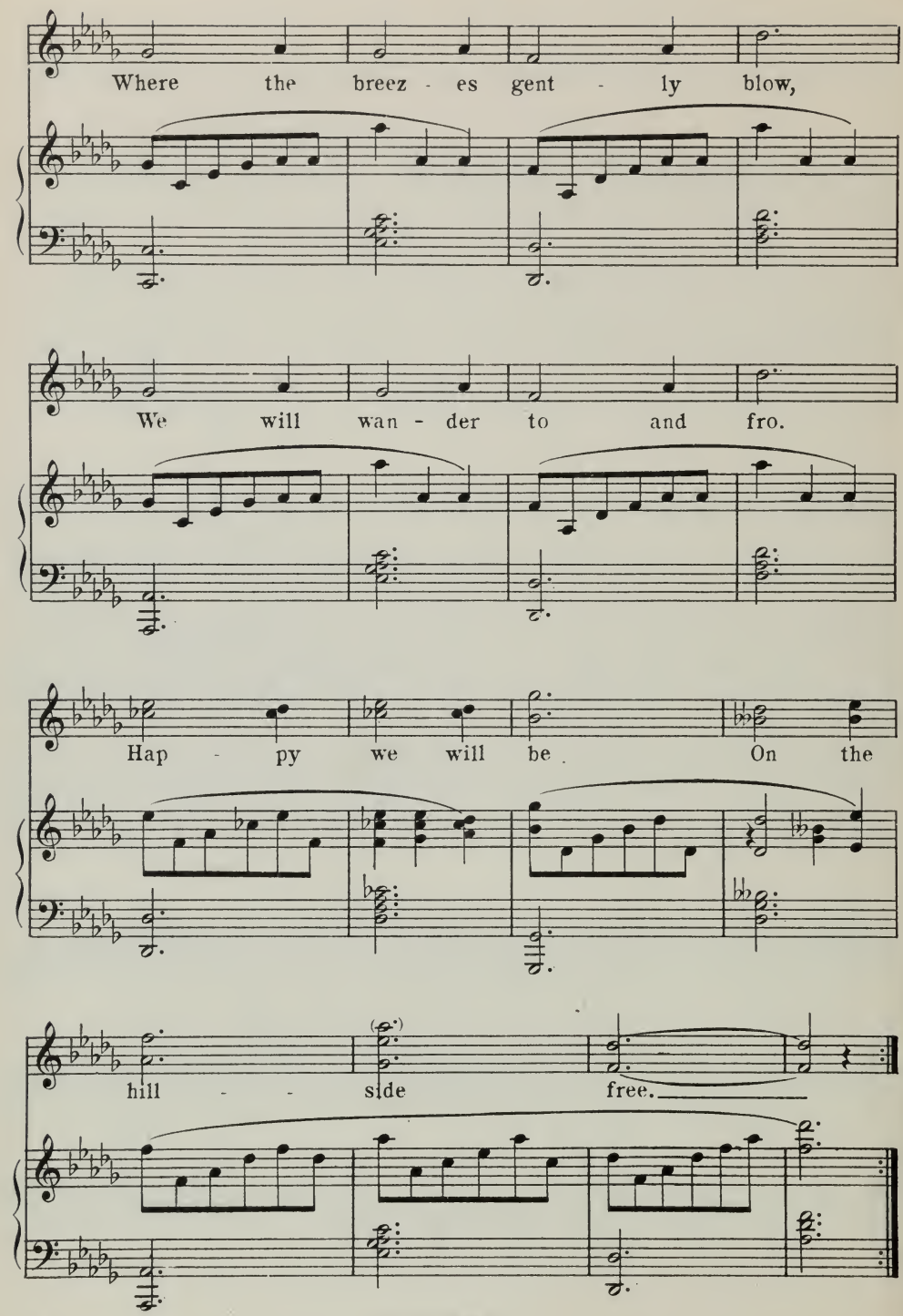
LILY.....(*To all*) Come then, let's go now.

Where the Sun is Shining

No 8




trees bend low,
Where the birds are sing - ing, there we
long to go.


Where the breez - es gent - ly blow,
We will wan - der to and fro.
Hap - py we will be On the
hill - - side free.

End of Act. I

Act II

The first act may be played in a blue light, the second act, being sundown, should be enlivened by the red glow of the setting sun.

DAME NEEDY is still dozing on the bench in the doorway. Jack comes out of the house staggering under a huge load of kindling, which he throws at his mother's feet with a loud noise that wakens her.

JACK.....(*sullenly*) Here! Take your old kindling wood!

MOTHER.....Jack! How you frightened me! Don't you know this wood belongs in the kitchen? (*looking about*) What! The clothes not all hung out yet? Where are your sisters? Meg! Meg!

JACK.....You needn't call. They went on a strike, ran off, every one of them.

MOTHER.....(*agitated*) Ran off, did they? Just wait till I catch 'em!

JACK.....A girl all dressed in white came into the yard. I saw her from the cellar window. She talked a long time, she must have been one of these labor agitators. Then they all sang something about being free with no more work to do, and went off together, singing and laughing, taking Angelina along.

MOTHER.....(*starting after them*) Which way did they go?

JACK.....(*pointing*) Toward the hill... Hold on, mother. You didn't pay me for the kindling, and I need a new bat.

MOTHER.....A new bat! I'll give you a box on the ear! Asking to be paid for doing your duty! You know very well that I need every extra penny for soap. (*Dame Needy goes off hurriedly to search for the girls. As she leaves, Jack whistles between his fingers, and the boys appear from opposite side.*)

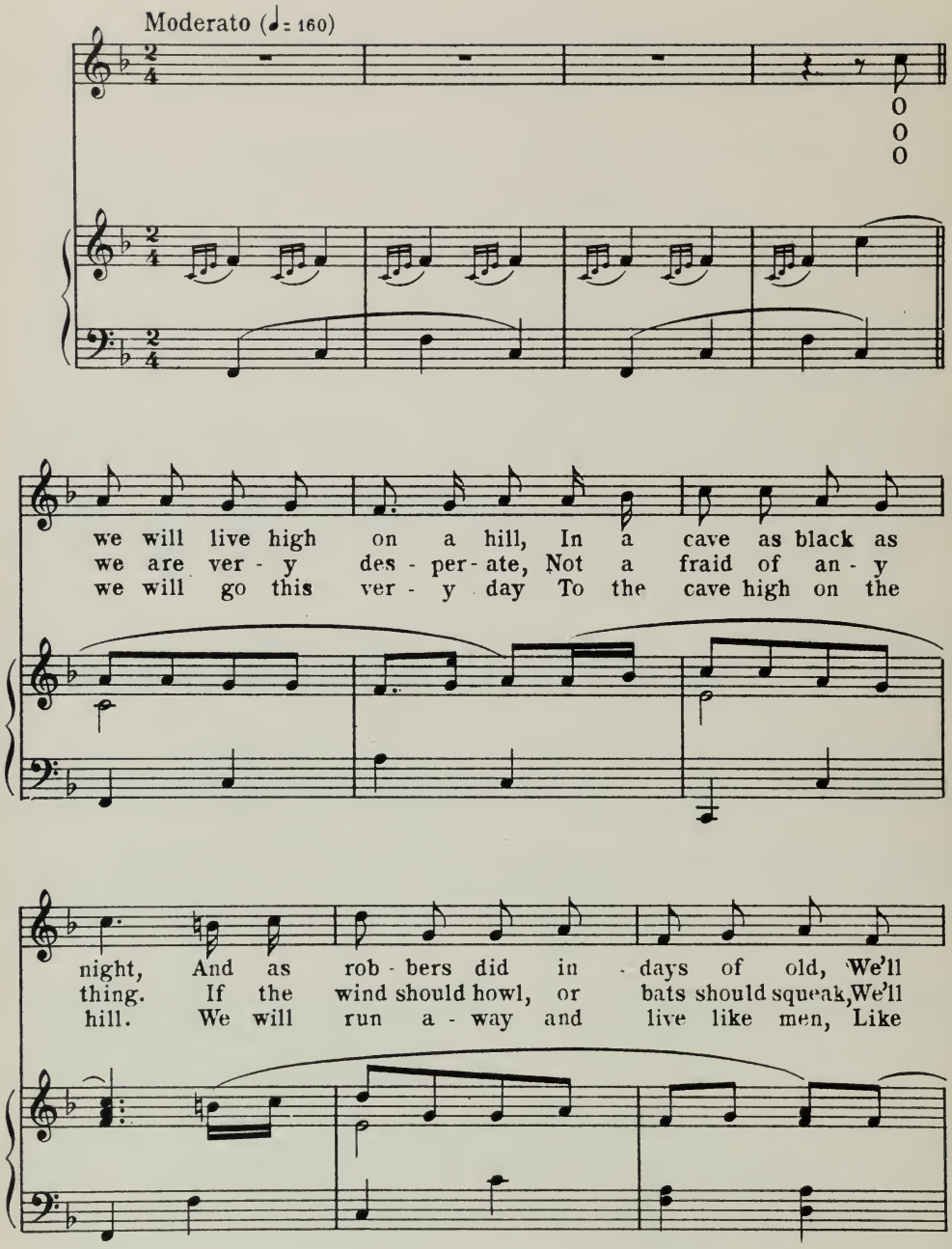
JACK.....Say, fellows, what shall we do next? I've been chopping wood all after-noon, till I'm ready for most anything. I feel like getting even with somebody for making a fellow work when he ought to be playing. Now what'll we do?

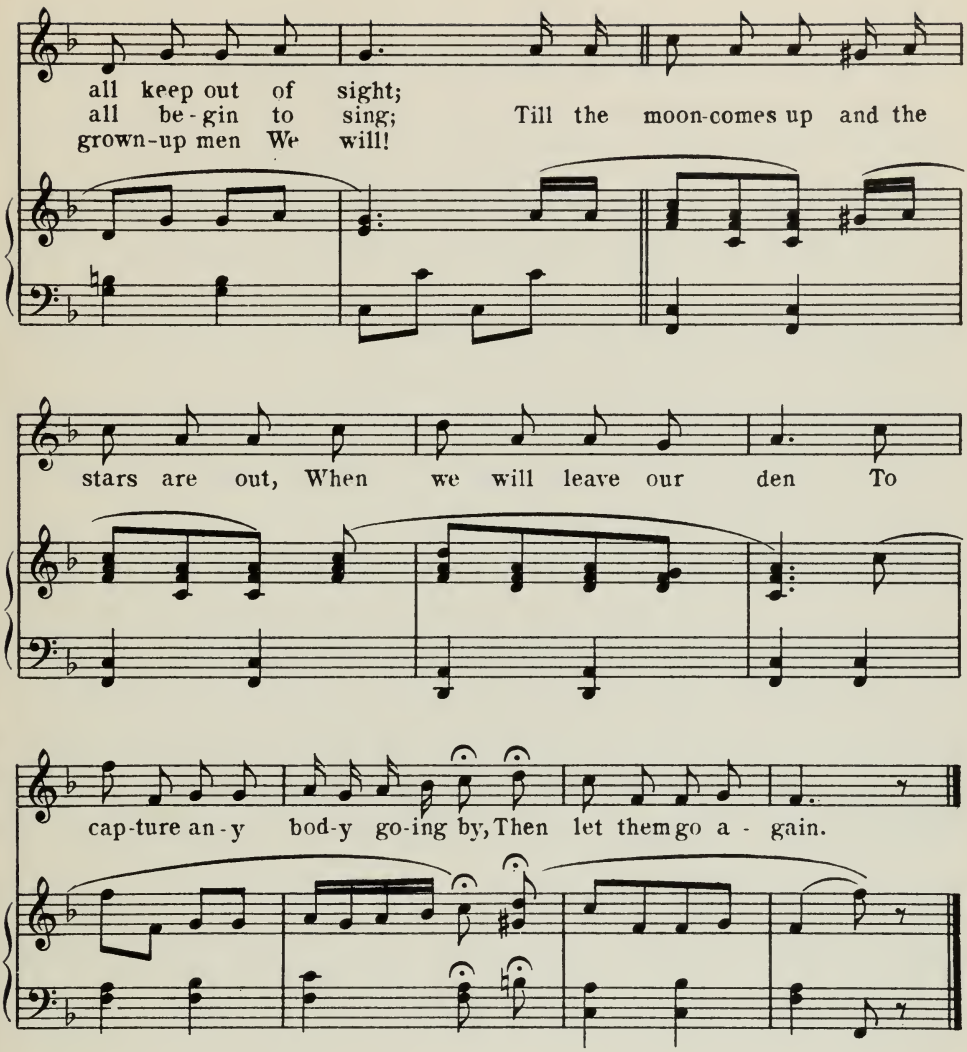
ONE BOY.....Let's go up on the hill and live in a cave and pretend we are robbers. We'll capture whoever comes along, give 'em the laugh and let 'em go again.

Act II

Song of the Cave

No 1





JACK.....*(looking at the tenement)* Gee! How I hate to live in the Old Shoe!

ONE BOY.....Why don't you tear it down?

JACK.....Even robbers wouldn't live there. I heard a man say when he passed the other day "What a blessing if a fire would destroy such places as these! They're a disgrace to the city."

ANOTHER BOY.....Why not burn it? Maybe the Mayor will send us a letter of thanks for doing the job for him.

JACK.....Great Idea! And here's the kindling, all ready, we don't have to chop it.

ONE BOY.....We ought to have some bundles of hay to start it. We want a real bonfire so that it will blaze up high and everybody in the city will run to the fire. We'll wait till it gets a good start then someone can call the fire engines.

JACK.....Golly! Wont it be exciting!

ANOTHER.....*(doubtfully)*. Maybe the cops will get us.

JACK.....They'll let us go when we tell them we did it for the good of the city to save the Mayor taking the trouble.

(They gather up the kindling)

JACK.....Let's lay it around the back of the house. The wind is blowing that way; it will burn faster *(All disappear around the rear of the tenement) (As they disappear, Meg rushes in leading Angelina by the hand. The two are quite transformed in appearance, both wearing gay white dresses, with a touch of ribbon here and there. Angelina proudly carries a white parasol.)*

ANGELINA.....Why did you run so fast, Meg? The other girls are not in such a hurry to be home.

MEG.....I was thinking of Mother. She's here all alone with the work to do.

ANGELINA.....Was that why you wouldn't stay when the lady asked us to come and live on the hill always?

MEG.....Yes. It's selfish of us to leave mother and run off to the hills.

ANGELINA.....But why can't we live up there always, and make our home there?

MEG.....*(sighing)* The rent's too high. Working people can't afford it. *(Hears the noise of the boys behind the house)* I wonder where Jack is? You stay here, while I look for him. *(Angelina seats herself on the bench at the back door, while Meg goes in search of Jack. Returns in a moment, holding Jack by the ear.)*

JACK.....Let me go!

MEG.....What were you doing with those matches?

JACK.....*(defiantly)* We are going to burn The Old Shoe. That will make Mother move out and find us a decent home.

MEG.....*(frightened)* Burn the Old Shoe! Whatever made you think of such a thing! Mother would cry her eyes out. We'd lose all the furniture.

ANGELINA.....*(excitedly)* And my dollie! And my old Teddy Bear! Oh my! Oh my! *(Angelina runs into the house.)*

(Lily appears, followed by the girls and chorus in light colored dresses carrying many garlands of blossoms. Seeing that something is wrong, they throw their garlands on bench and crowd around Meg and Jack.)

LILY.....What's the matter?

MEG.....*(tearfully)* The boys intend to burn down the Old Shoe. *(running toward the door)* I must tell mother. Mother!

JACK.....*(calling after her)* You wont find her. She's gone out to look for you. Quit making such a fuss, and I'll call off the boys. *(Beckons to boys)* It's all up, fellows. *(The boys come in sullenly. Meg turns back)*

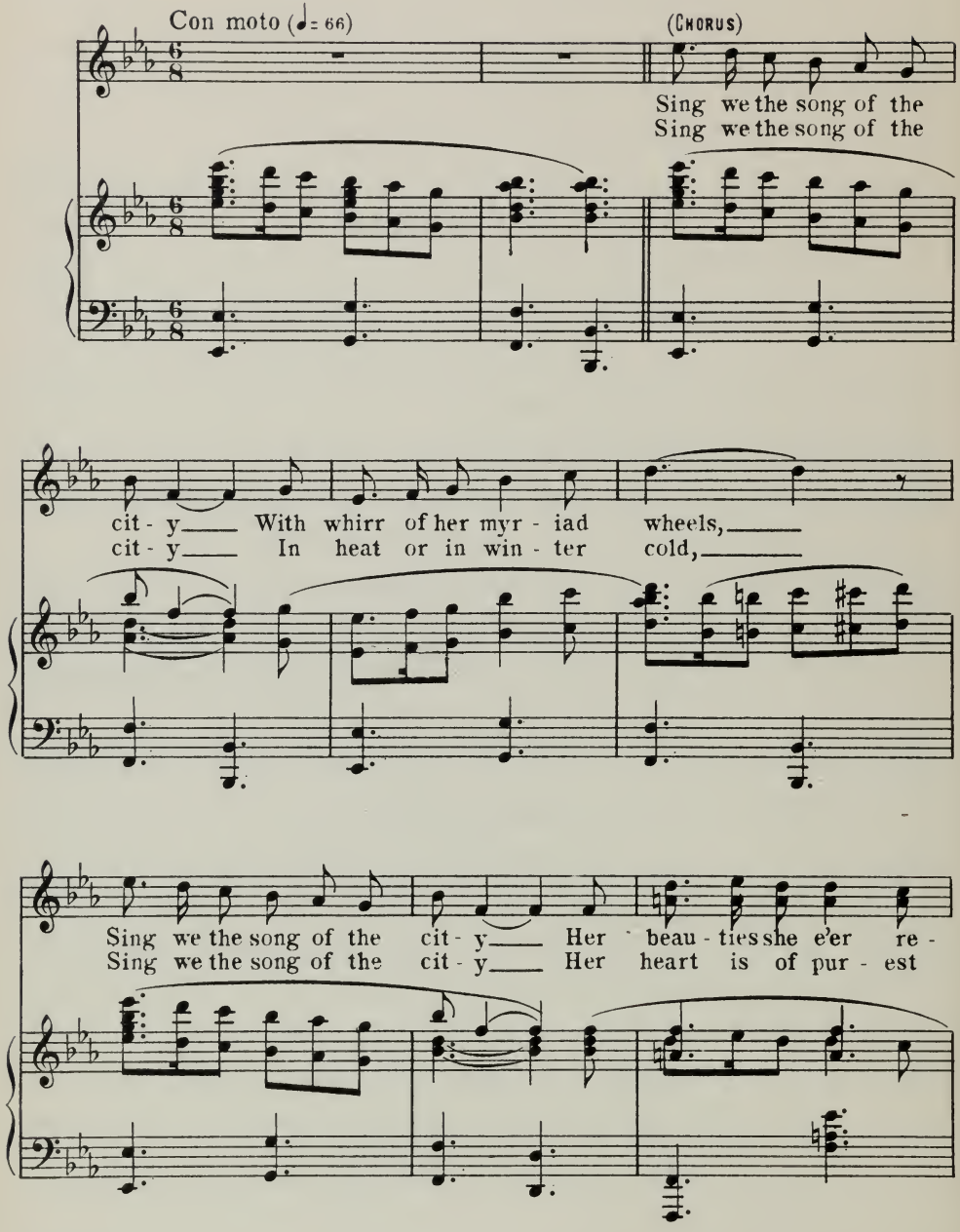
LILY.....*(indignantly to Jack)* What made you want to do such a thing as destroy other people's property?

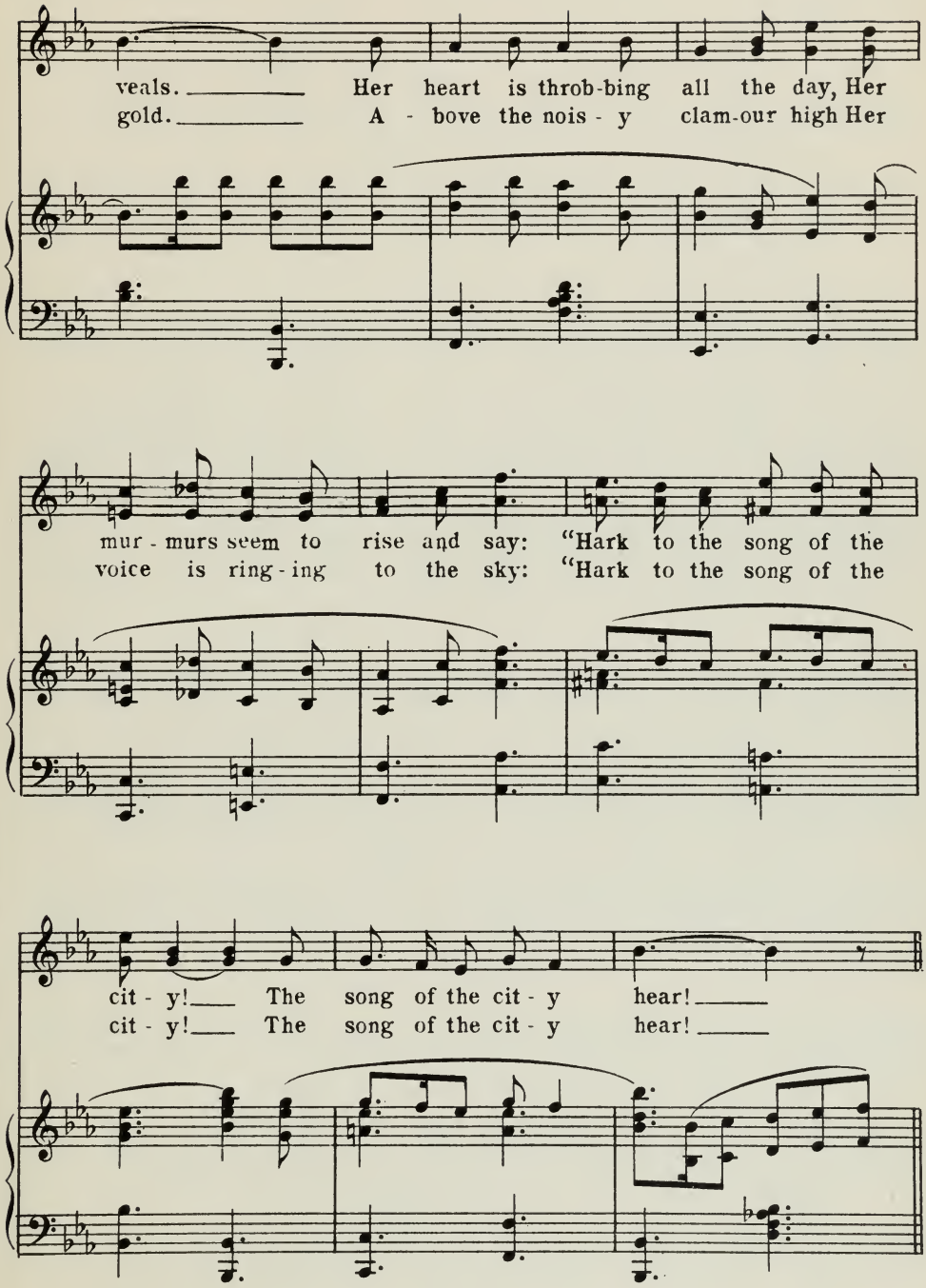
JACK.....Somebody said the Old Shoe was an eye-sore, it ought to be torn down. We thought we'd make quick work of it and burn it.

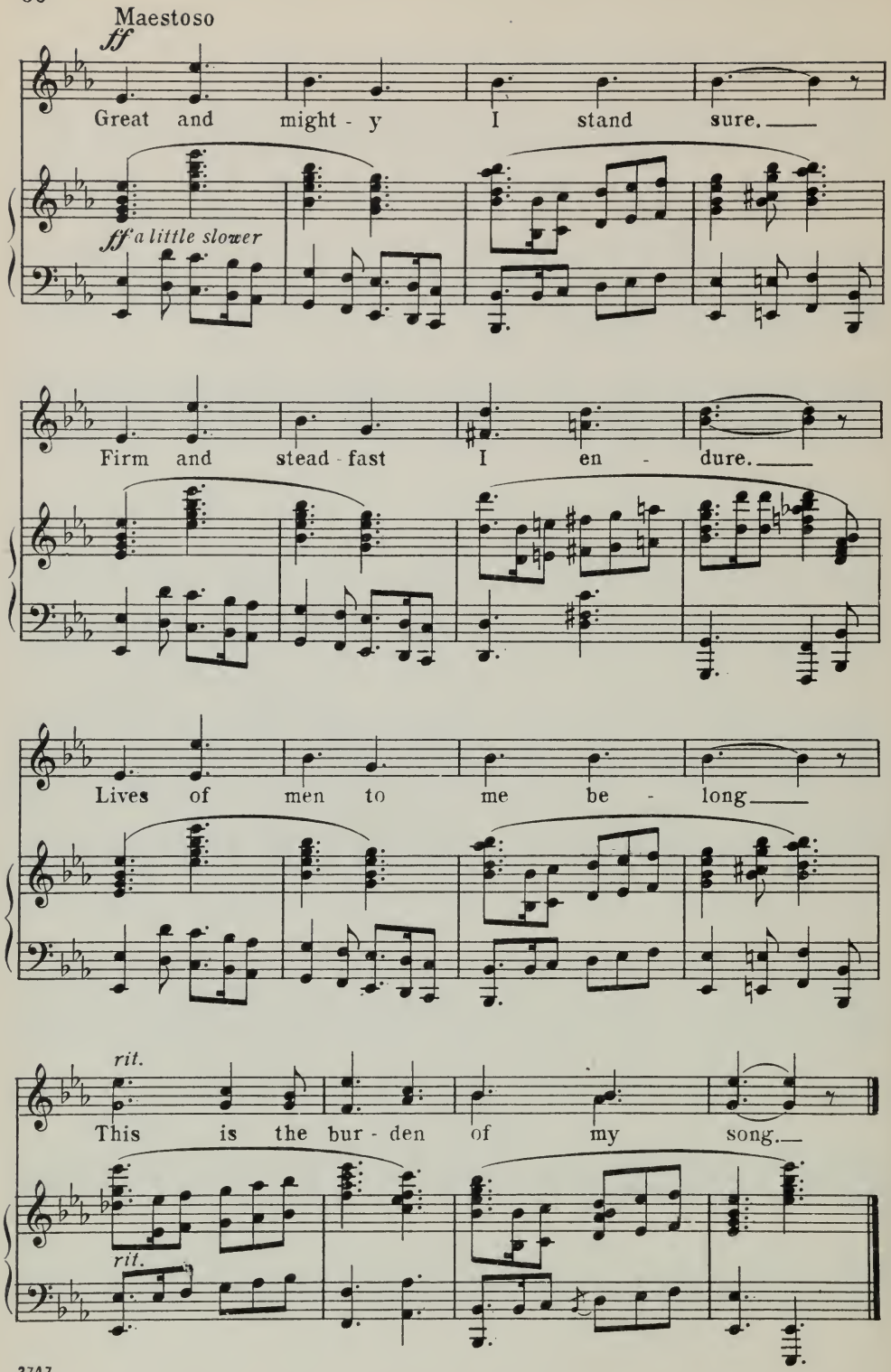
MEG.....Yes. The Old Shoe *is* ugly, but it is our home. The hills are beautiful, but after all, I love the city best. I'm sure the city has a soul. Even though it may be ugly on the surface, underneath there is something alive that is struggling toward everything clean and sweet. If you listen, over the sound of the wheels and the noise of the streets, you can hear the song of it.

The Song of the City

No 2




veals. Her heart is throb-bing all the day, Her
gold. A - bove the nois - y clam-our high Her
mur - murs seem to rise and say: "Hark to the song of the
voice is ring - ing to the sky: "Hark to the song of the
cit - y! The song of the cit - y hear!
cit - y! The song of the cit - y hear!


Maestoso
ff
Great and might - y I stand sure.
ff a little slower
Firm and stead - fast I en - dure.
Lives of men to me be - long
rit.
This is the bur - den of my song.
rit.

LILY.....*(looking at the Old Shoe reflectively)* It is horrid, isn't it? Maybe a coat of white would improve it. Can't you get the landlord to do something? *(Chorus fall back leaving Lily, Jack, Angelina and Meg in front)*

JACK..... I've never seen the landlord. He hasn't time to come down from the hill and see the people who pay him rent.

LILY.....*(startled)* He lives on the hill? What is his name?

JACK..... Mr Stone, James Stone. I've seen it on the rent receipts.

LILY..... Stone! Why, that is my name! Then my father owns the Old Shoe! Oh, I'm sure he doesn't know how bad things are down here in Twilight Alley, or he wouldn't let them stay like that. He has an agent who looks after it for him; he never bothers about it himself. But from now on things shall be different. I'll see to that. I remember, he told me once that my pin-money came from a tenement he owned somewhere in this neighborhood. I'll spend every cent of it improving the Old Shoe, if I have to wear blue gingham and do the job myself.

MEG..... What good will it do to paint up and clean up? The smoke will smear it all over again before you can say Jack Robinson. It's no use, I tell you. You know mother is superstitious. She has an idea that we're under a sort of curse here in Twilight Alley, and we'll never be delivered from it until they capture the Black Bogie.

LILY..... The Black Bogie?

JACK..... That's Mother's name for Smoke. He's got the city at his mercy, all right.

LILY..... Why doesn't somebody stop it?

JACK..... The cops can't catch Mr. Smoke. He has wings, you know, and circles around high up in the air with the rest of his crew. We'd have to go after him in an airplane. If we can shoot off his wings, we've got him. *(Angelina comes running out of the house excitedly clutching her doll and her Teddy bear)*

ANGELINA.....*(triumphantly)* I saved my things!

LILY.....(*laughing*) It's all right. Jack changed his mind. He intends to find a better way. He's going after Mr. Smoke in a flying-machine.

ANGELINA.....But how will he do it?

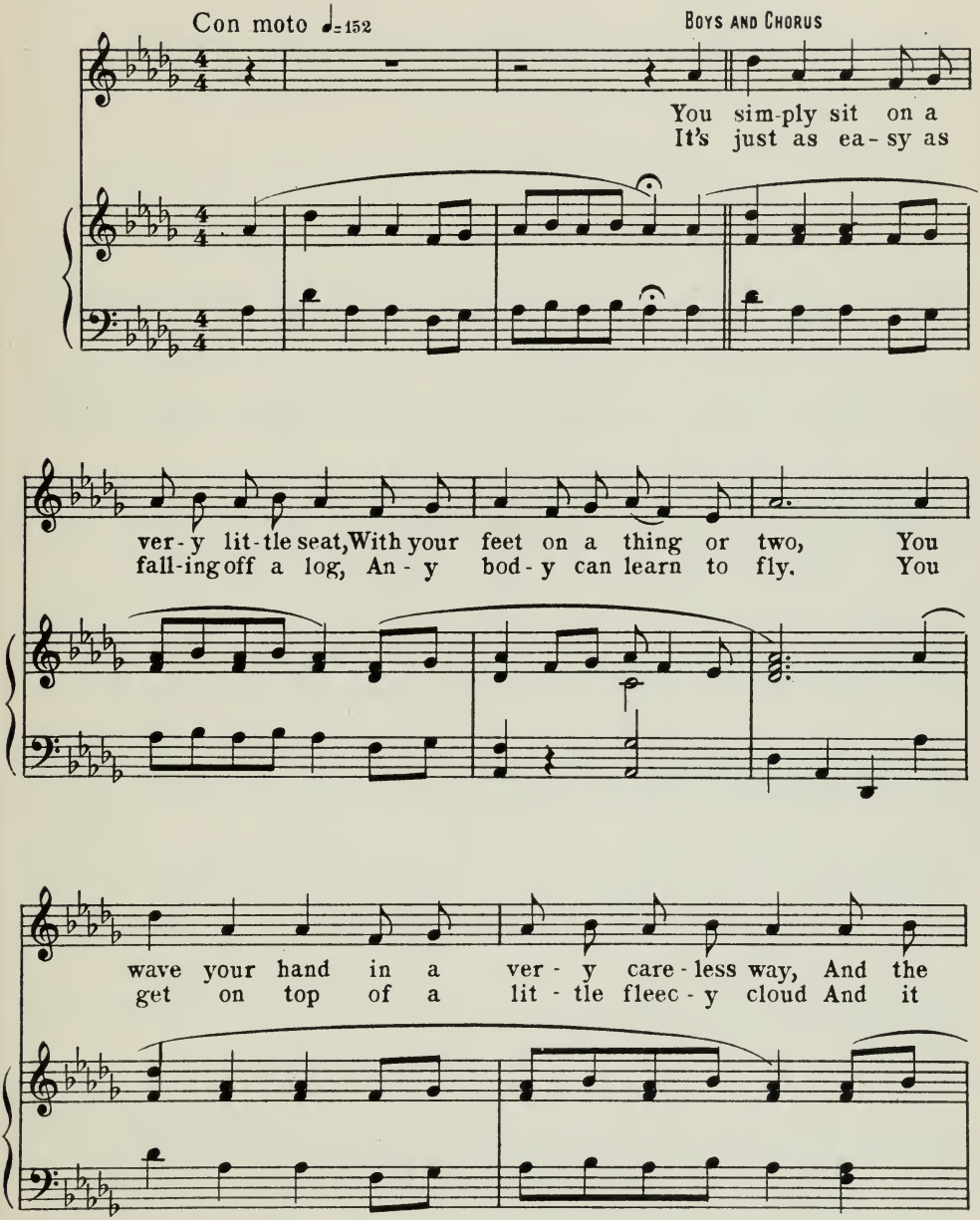
LILY.....(*suddenly*) I know! (*pointing off stage*) Over there in the square they are trying out a new aircraft, "White wings." Why not ask the aviator to take you along and teach you how?

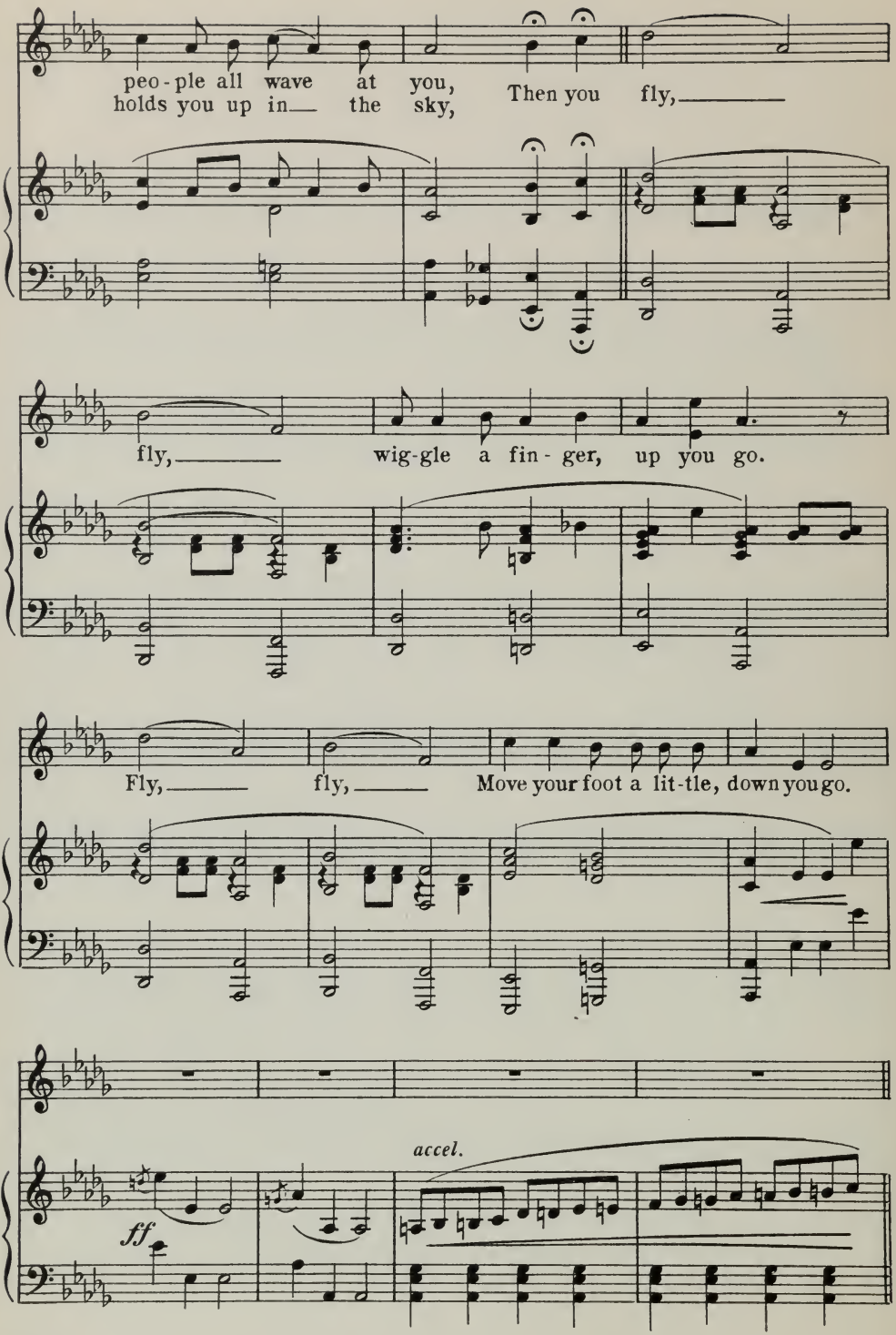
(*Boys start forward throwing up their hats, cheering*)

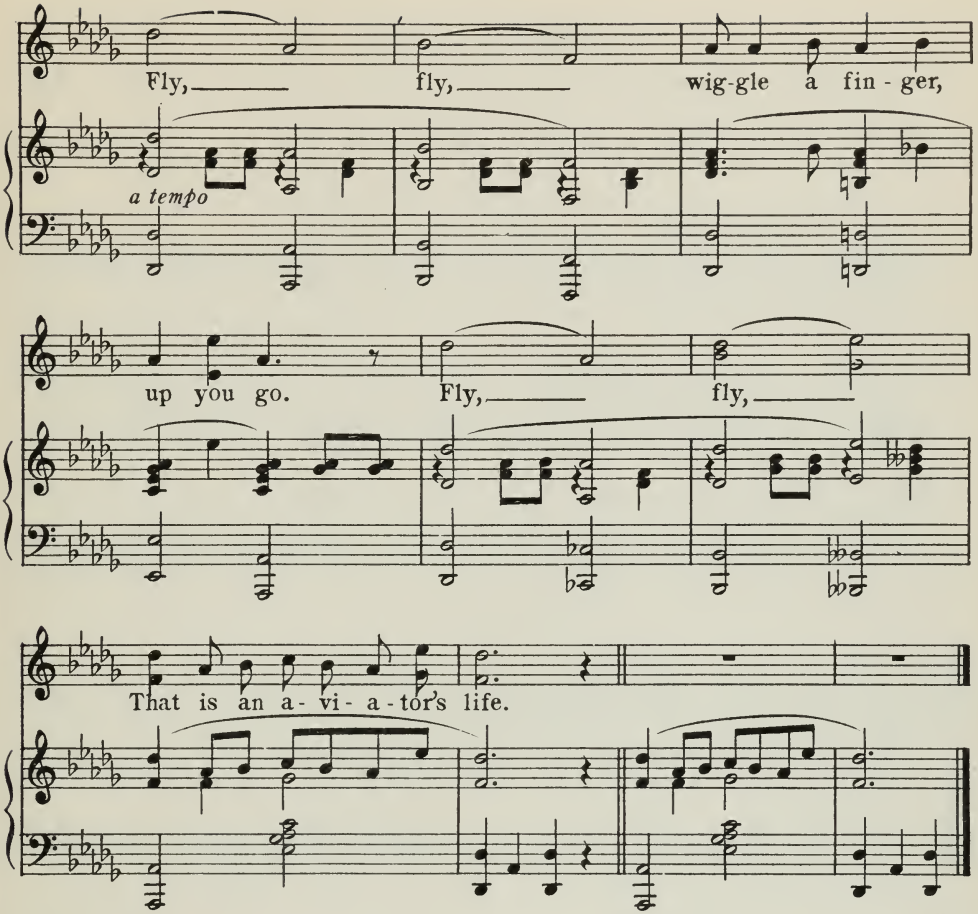
BOYS.....You bet we will! And this is how we'll do it.

Aeroplane Song

No 3




peo-ple all wave at you,
holds you up in the sky,
Then you fly,
fly,
wig-gle a fin-ger, up you go.
Fly,
fly,
Move your foot a lit-tle, down you go.
accel.
ff



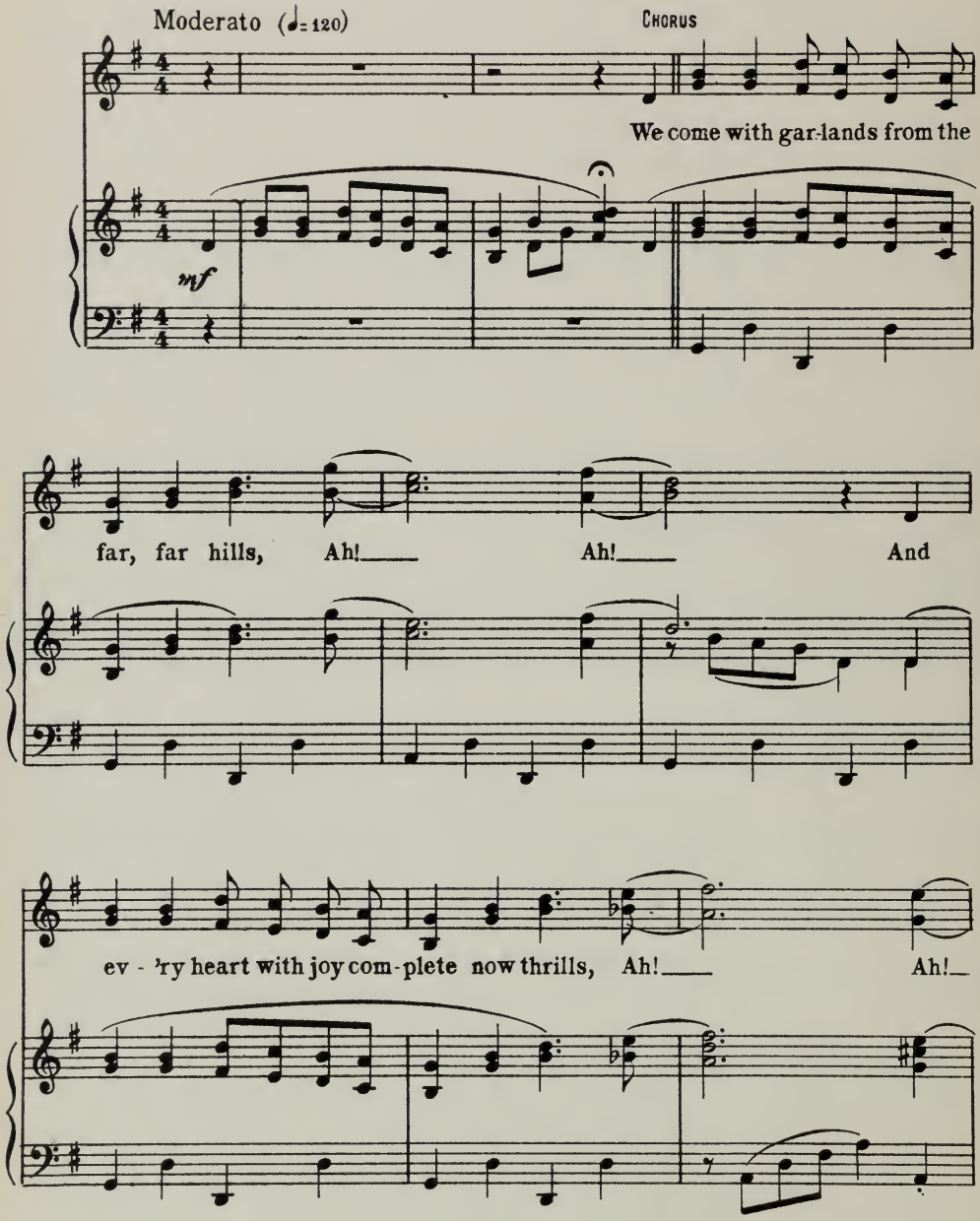
(Angelina listens and claps her hands in delight. Begins to dance as they sing, using her parasol as a parachute) (At the close of the song the boys fall in line and march on, shouting "Down with the demon Smoke." The girls wave their hankerchiefs till the boys are out of sight, then turn to pick up the discarded sprays of blossoms)

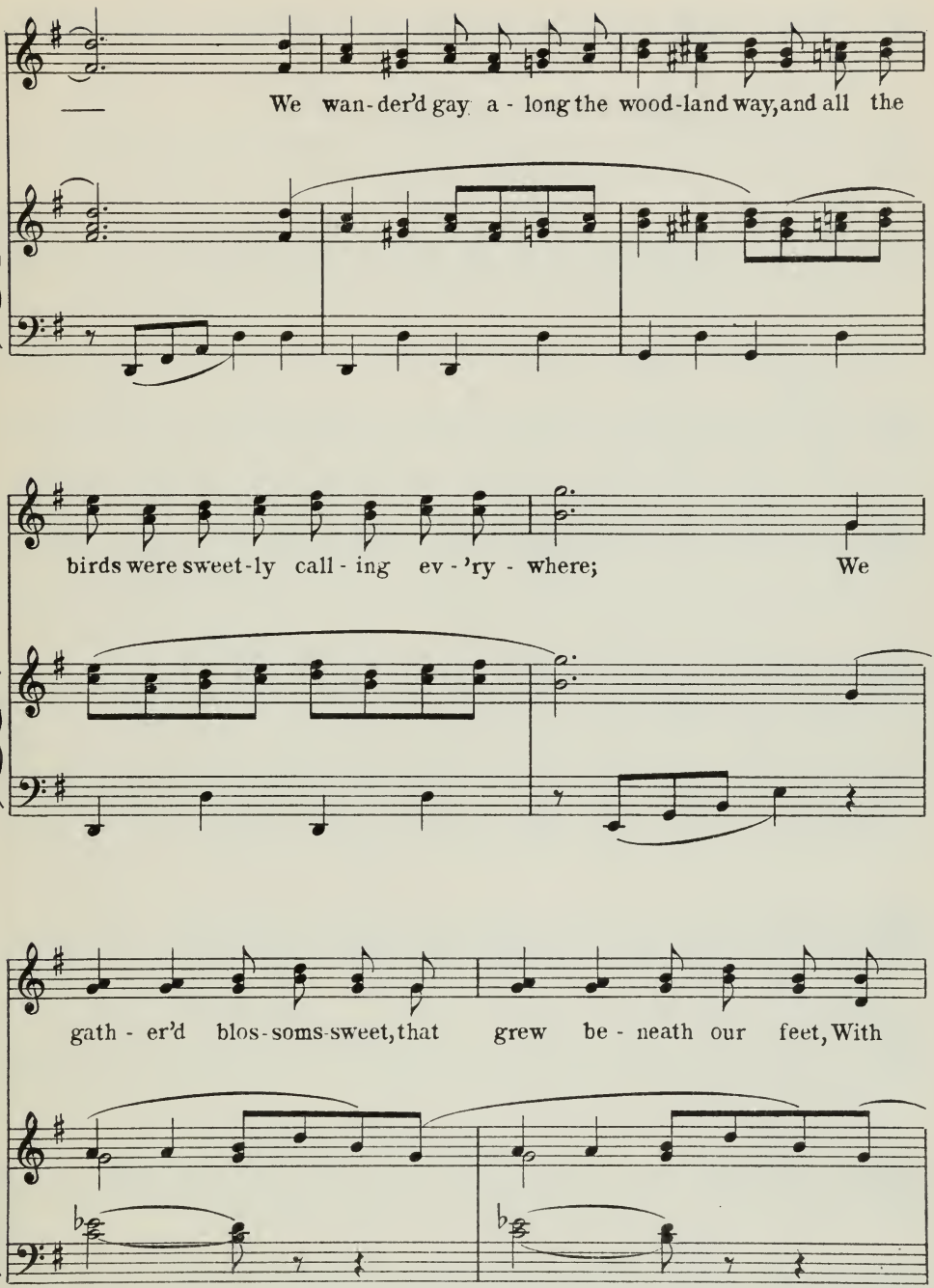
LILY.....Now they're gone, we can trim up the place. *(The girls welcome the suggestion and festoon the clothes-line with blossoms. Many garlands should be used. Decorating may continue on into next song. Chinese Lanterns may be hung. Bench must be brought forward either left or right where decorations are most profuse)*

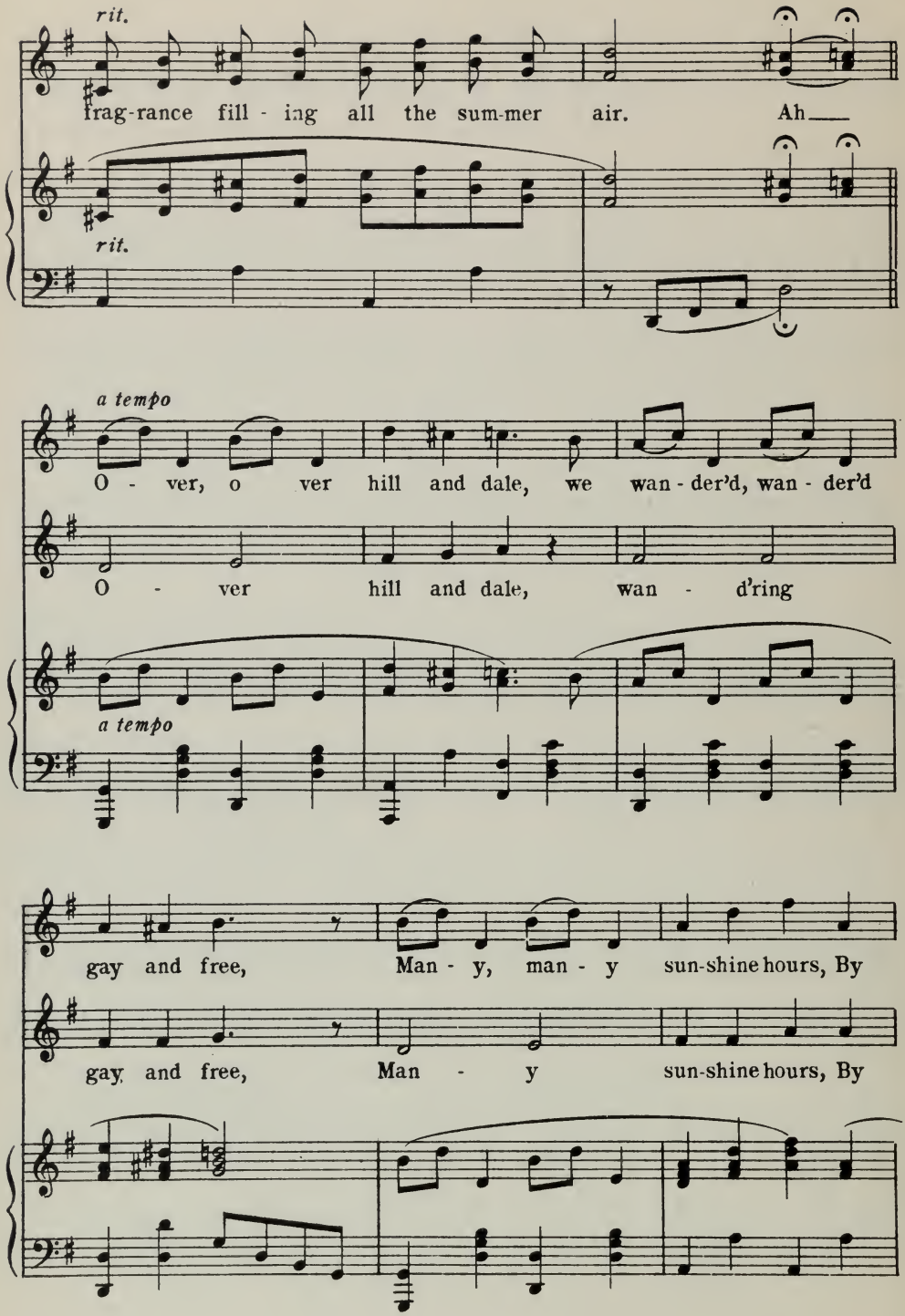
MEG.....*(to Lily)* It was nice of you to lend us all these pretty dresses. I'm so happy. I feel like singing. *(They make a Maypole of a broom which Angelina holds, ribbons attached to end of handle, and wind the line playfully around Angelina in the center, throwing flowers at her as they sing.)*

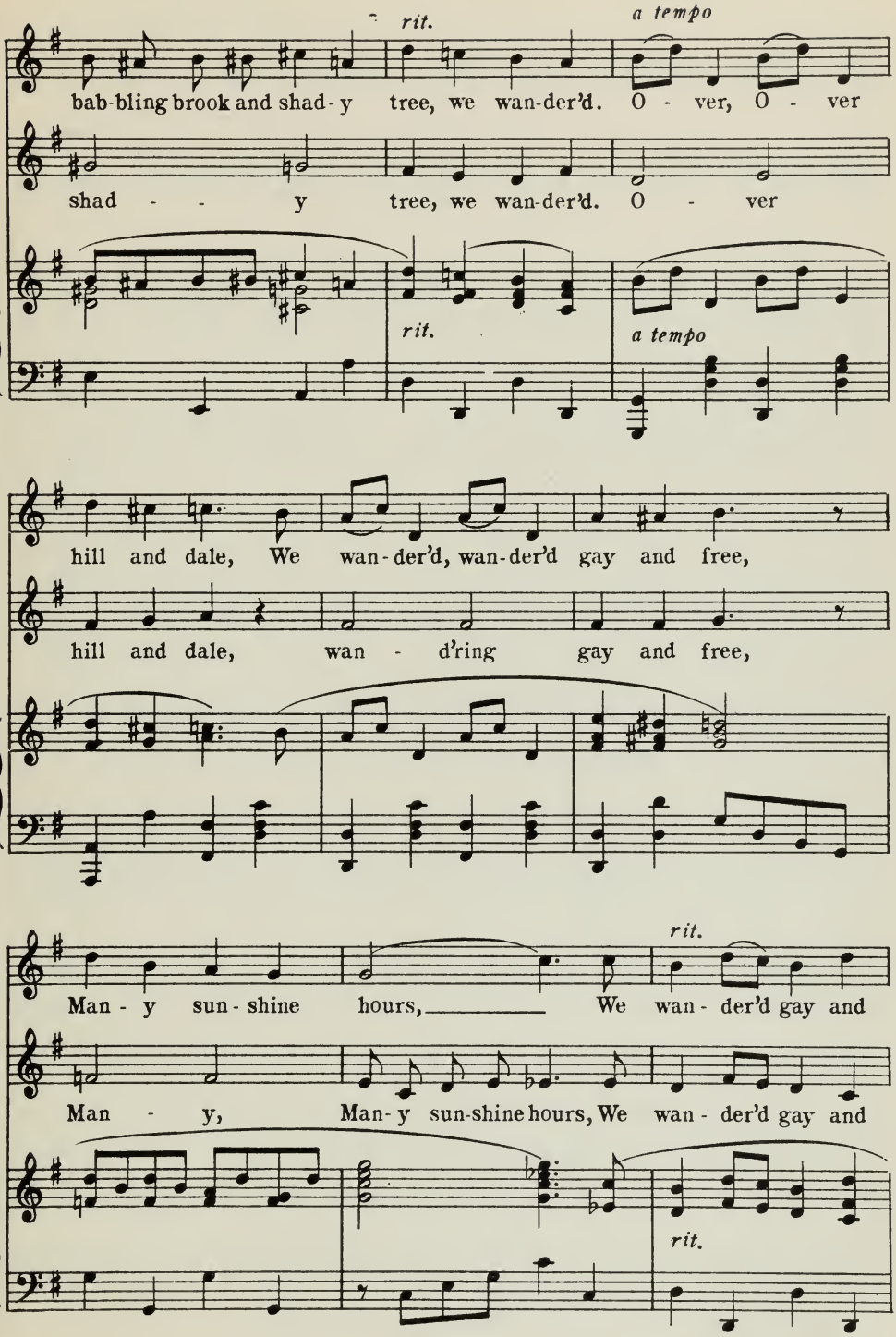
Flower Song

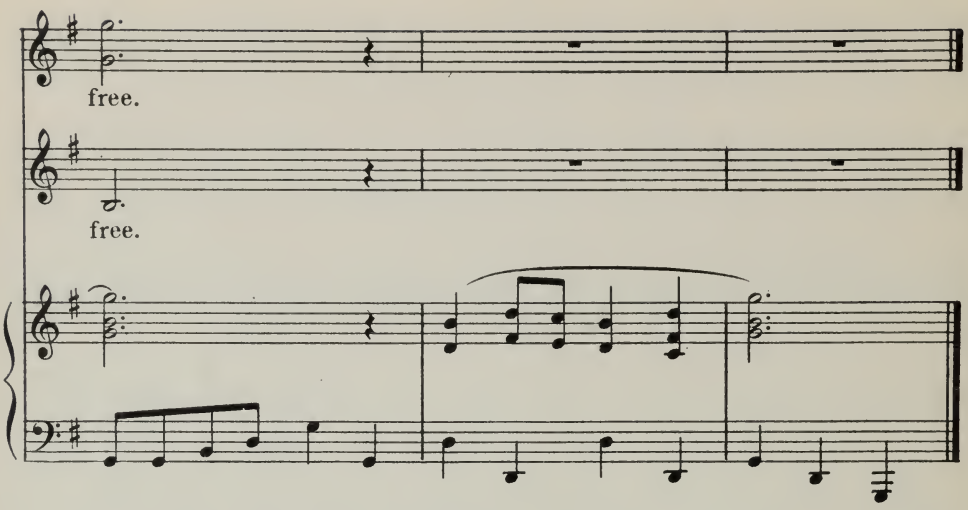
No 4




We wan-der'd gay a-long the wood-land way, and all the
birds were sweet-ly call-ing ev-'ry-where; We
gath-er'd blos-soms sweet, that grew be-neath our feet, With


rit.
frag-rance fill - ing all the sum-mer air. Ah
rit.
a tempo
O - ver, o ver hill and dale, we wan - der'd, wan - der'd
O - ver hill and dale, wan - d'ring
a tempo
gay and free, Man - y, man - y sun-shine hours, By
gay and free, Man - y sun-shine hours, By


rit.
a tempo
bab-bling brook and shad-y tree, we wan-der'd. O - ver, O - ver
shad - - y tree, we wan-der'd. O - ver
rit.
a tempo
hill and dale, We wan-der'd, wan-der'd gay and free,
hill and dale, wan - d'ring gay and free,
rit.
Man - y sun-shine hours, We wan - der'd gay and
Man - y, Man-y sun-shine hours, We wan - der'd gay and
rit.



(DAME NEEDY returns out of breath) (Meg runs into house during chorus)

DAME NEEDY.....So you're home again! And how you look! I thought you'd come back all dirty with dresses muddy and torn, and here you are looking like a Sunday morning. Where have you been?

LILY.....You must forgive them, Mrs. Needy. I coaxed them to come to the hills with me, and because I wanted to keep them from being scolded for being all mussed up after playing, I let them have some of my dresses to wear.

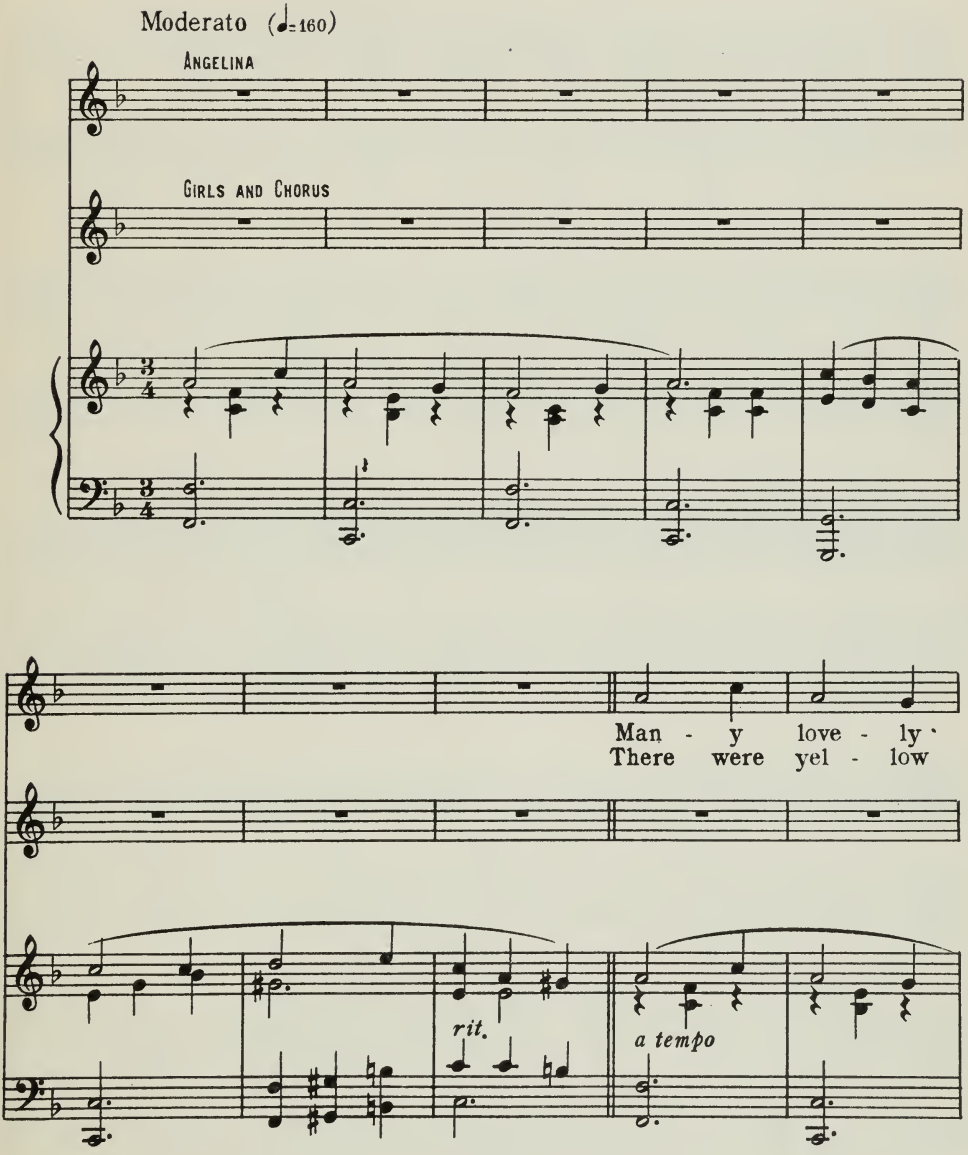
ANGELINA.....And she gave me this! *(holding up her parasol)*

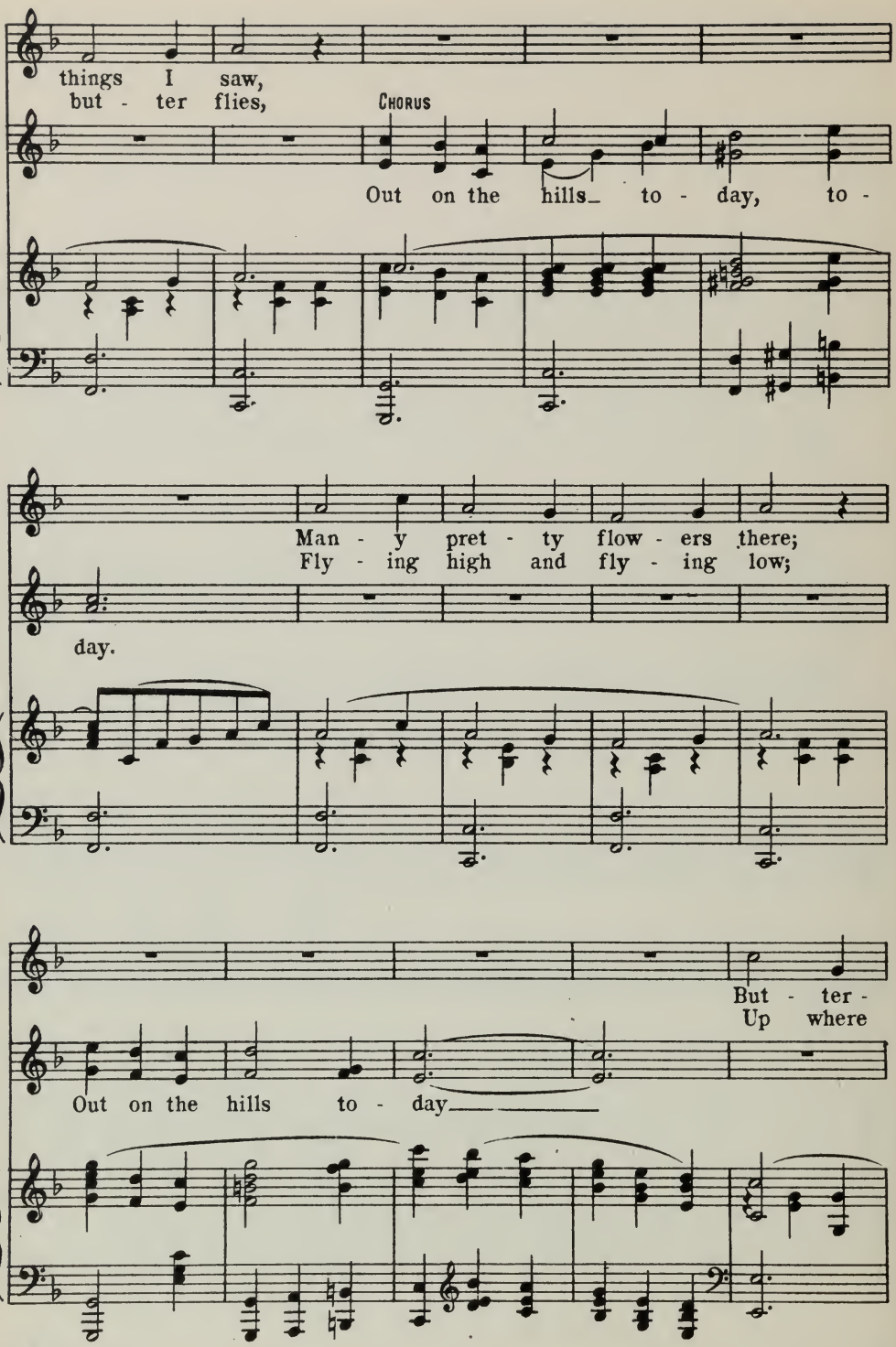
MEG.....*(running out of the house and greeting her mother joyfully)* Oh, I'm so glad you're back! And we're so happy to be home again, Mother! *(Dame Needy relents and they all crowd around her affectionately. Meg draws her down to a seat on the bench, and Angelina climbs into her lap. Some of the girls seated on floor in front of group)*

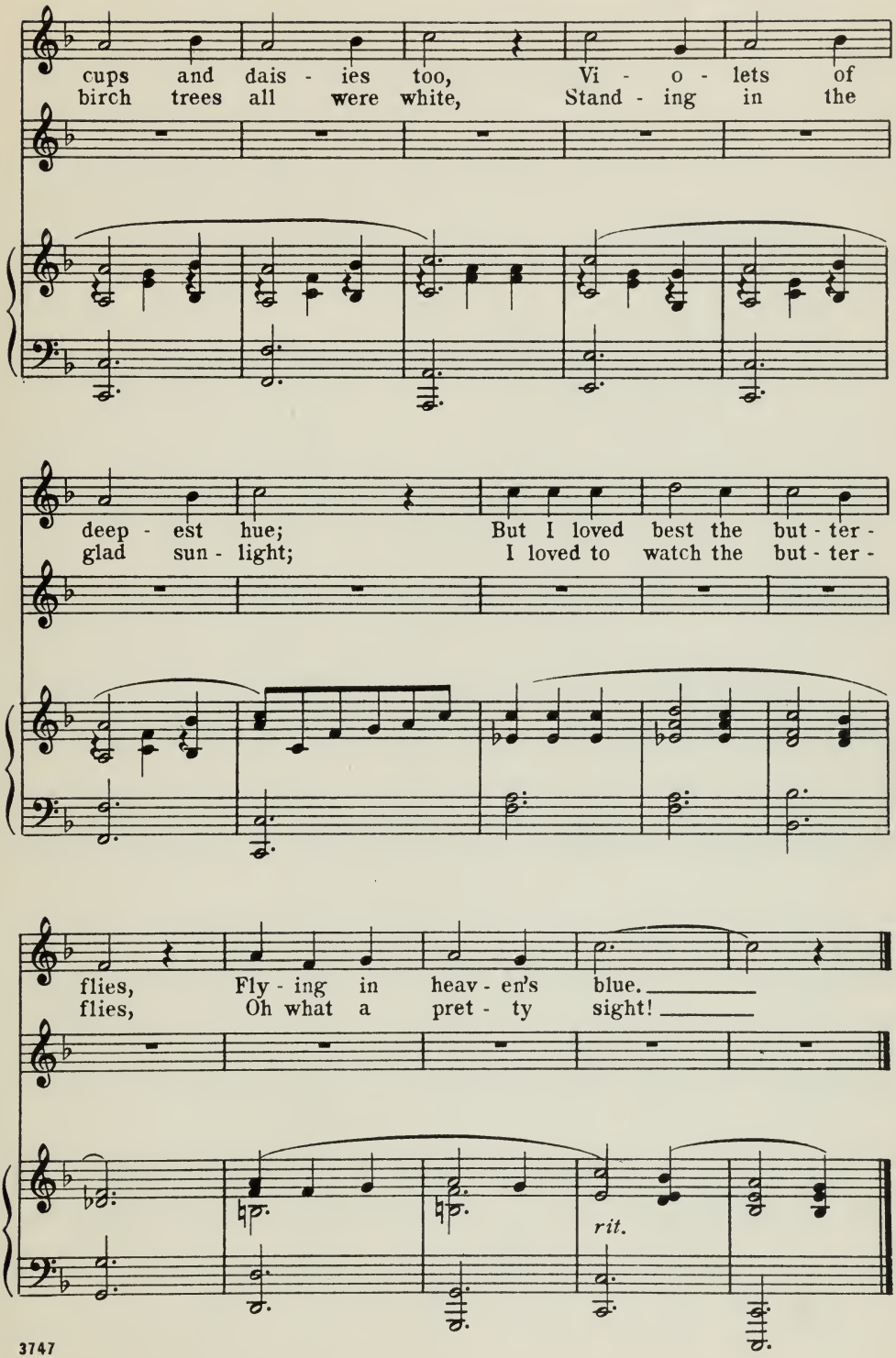
DAME NEEDY.....*(to Angelina)* Now tell me what you saw.

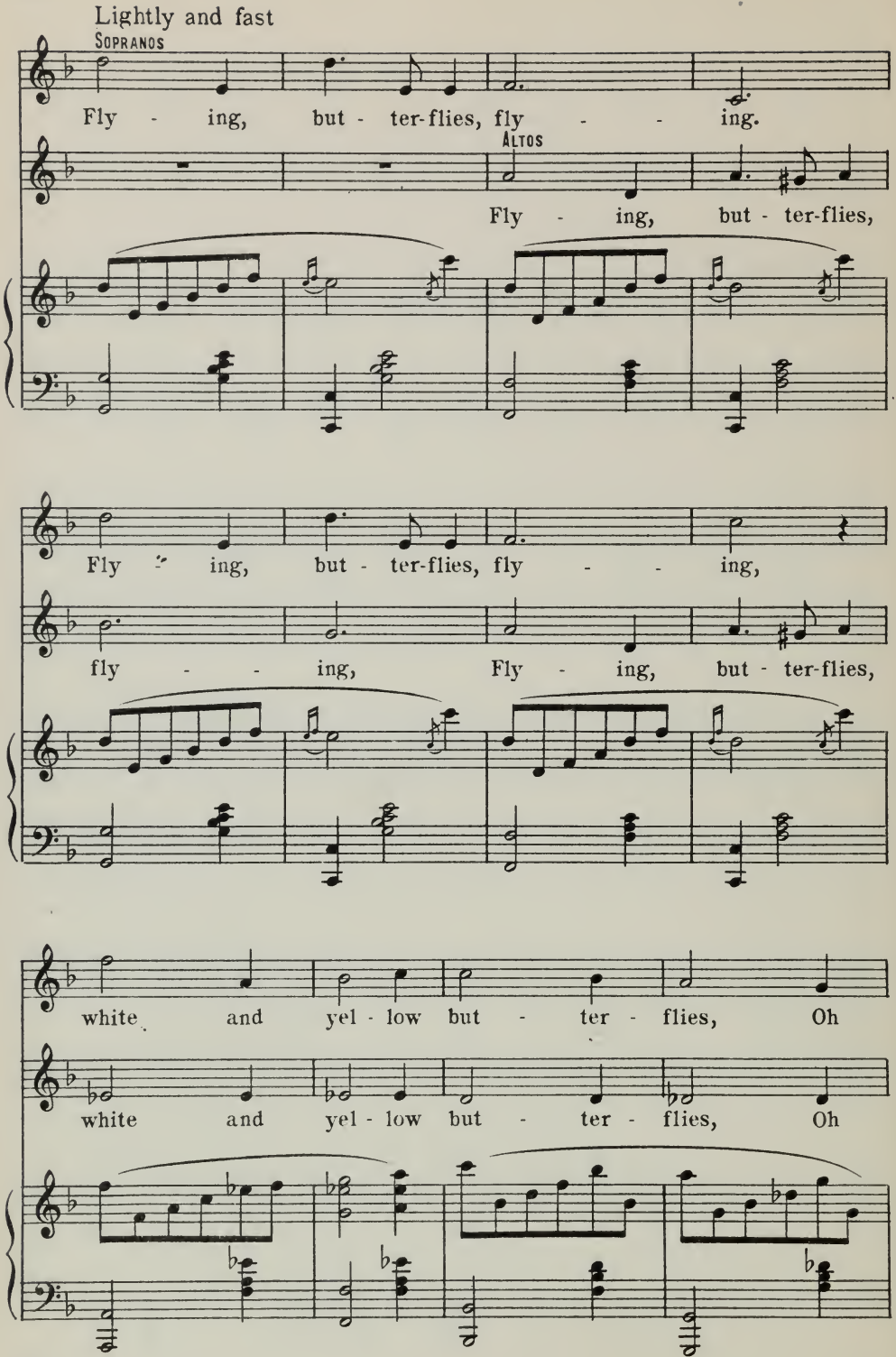
Flying Butterflies

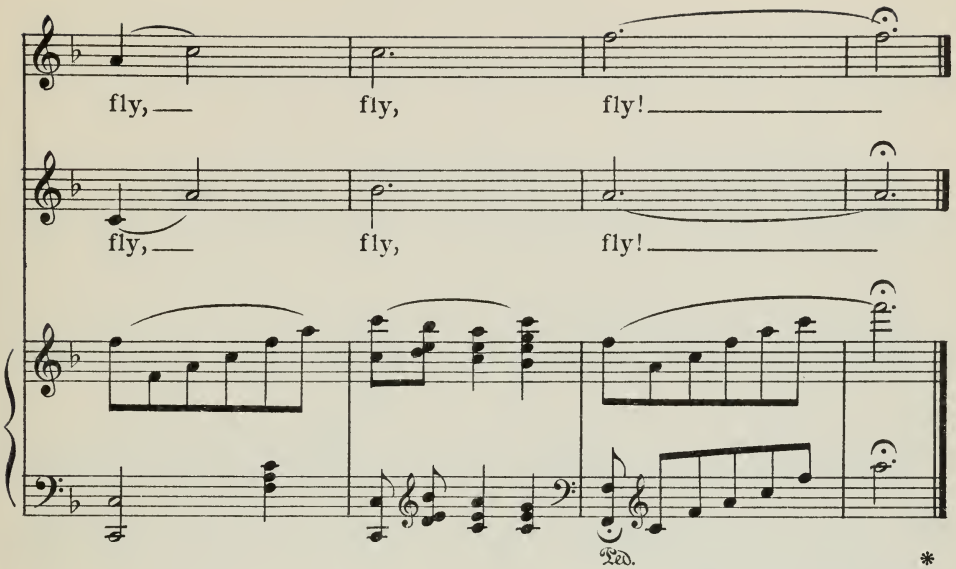
No. 5




things I saw,
but - ter flies,
CHORUS
Out on the hills to - day, to -
Man - y pret - ty flow - ers there;
Fly - ing high and fly - ing low;
day.
But - ter -
Up where
Out on the hills to - day


cups and dais - ies too, Vi - o - lets of
birch trees all were white, Stand - ing in the
deep - est hue; But I loved best the but - ter -
glad sun - light; I loved to watch the but - ter -
flies, Fly - ing in heav - en's blue.
flies, Oh what a pret - ty sight!
rit.


Lightly and fast
SOPRANOS
Fly - ing, but - ter-flies, fly - - ing.
ALTOS
Fly - ing, but - ter-flies,
Fly - ing, but - ter-flies, fly - - ing,
fly - - ing, Fly - ing, but - ter-flies,
white and yel - low but - ter - flies, Oh
white and yel - low but - ter - flies, Oh



Chorus may be repeated

DAME NEEDY.....Now Angelina, you've danced long enough. What will your mother say when she comes home this evening and finds you all tired? You're not strong enough to stand it.

ANGELINA.....(*jumping down*) (*skipping about*) Oh, I'm well again. (*going to Dame Needy*) Didn't the doctor tell mother that fresh air would do me more good than medicine?

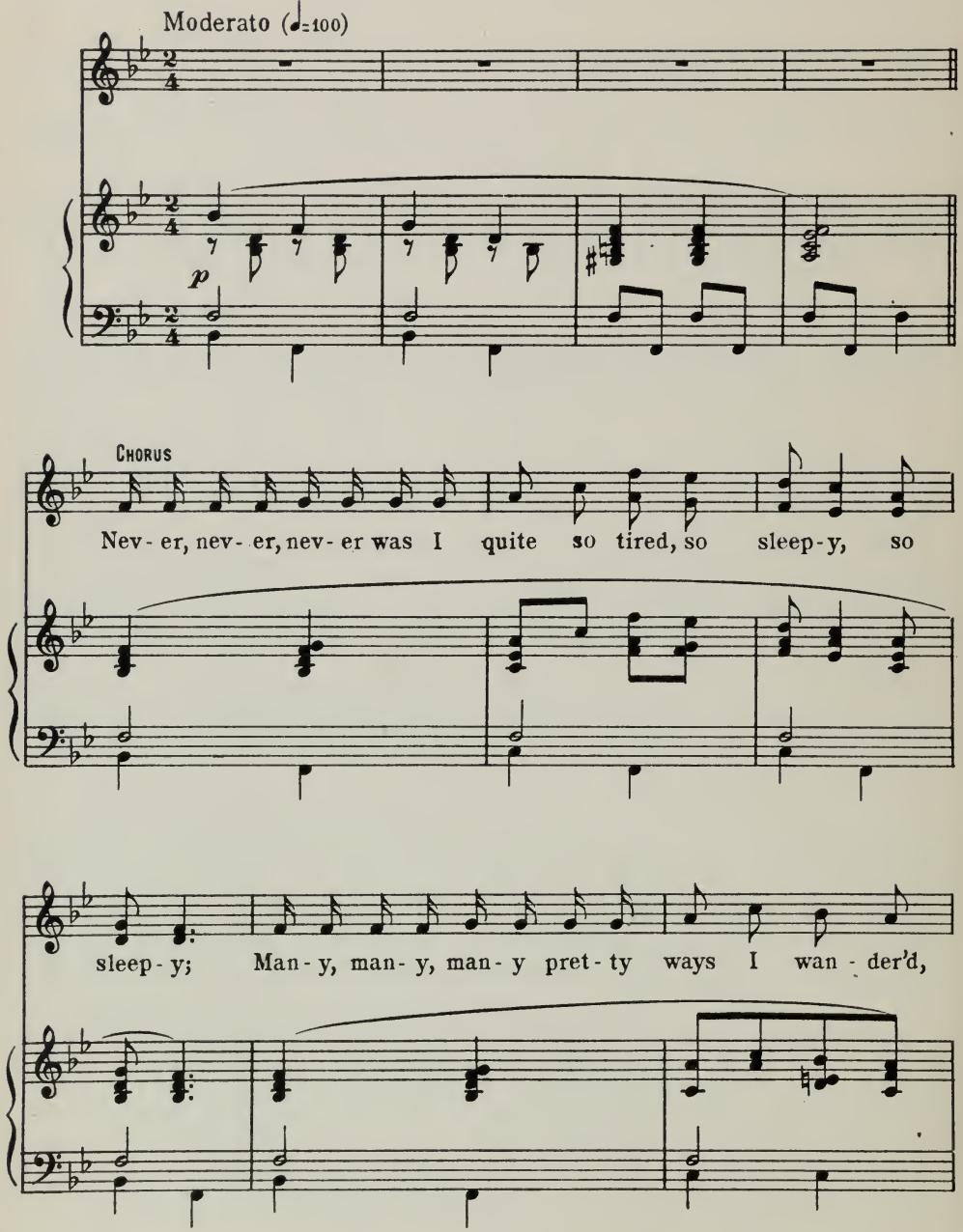
DAME NEEDY.....(*drawing her down to the bench beside her*) Now rest a while.

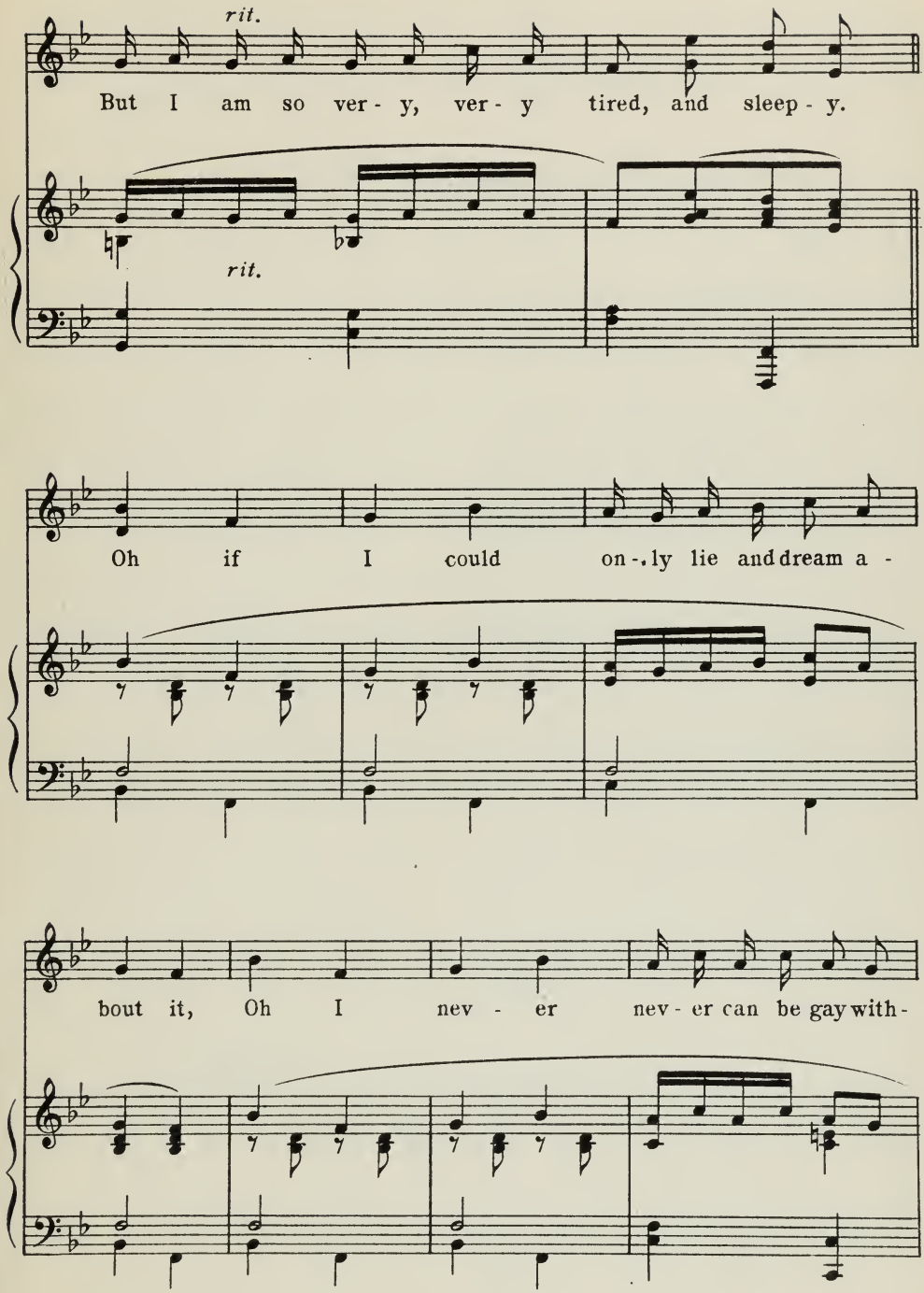
MEG.....(*Sits beside her*) Yes, dearie, rest, and we'll sing you to sleep.

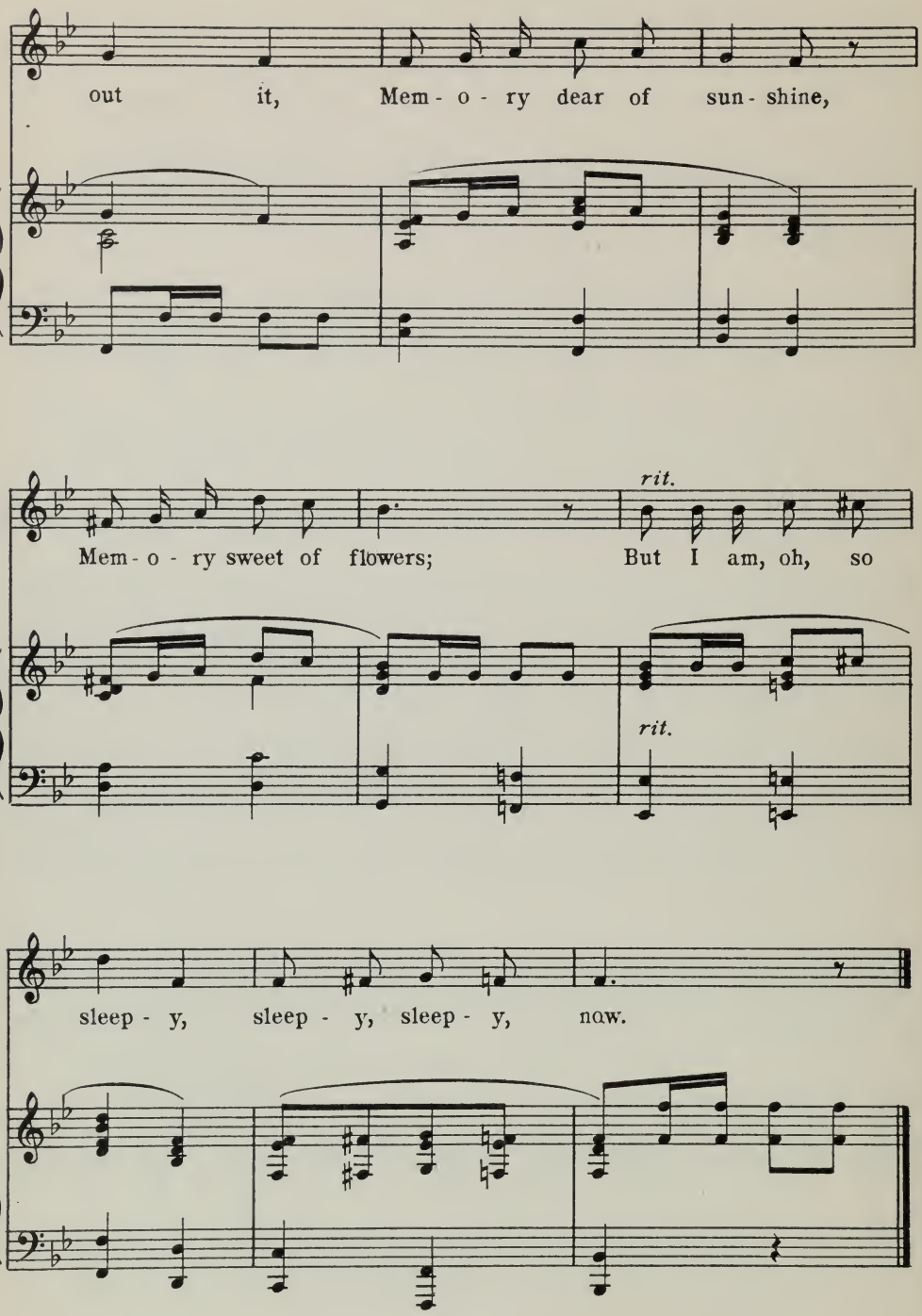
(*The girls recline in a group around Dame Needy in an attitude of repose*)

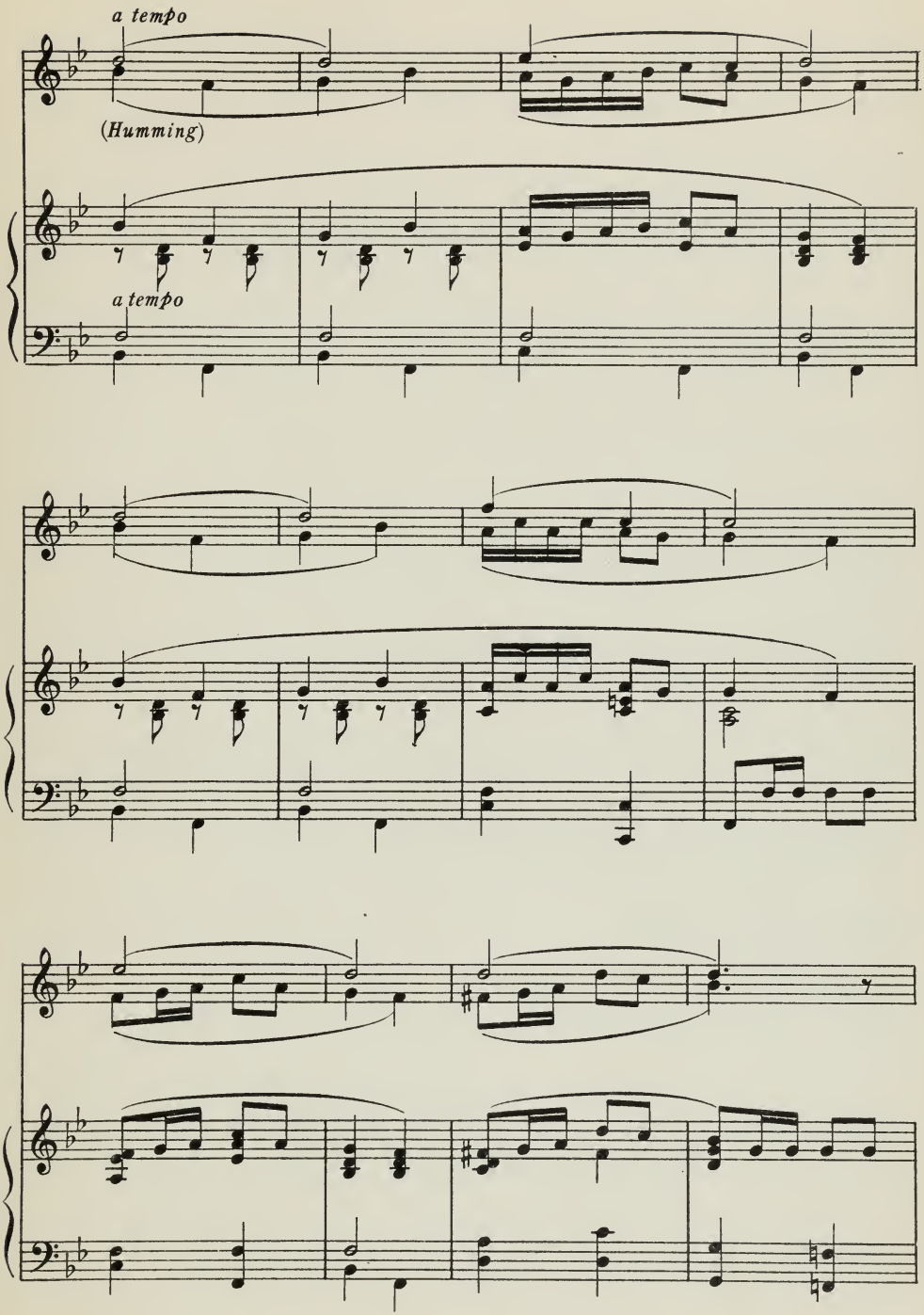
Sleep Song

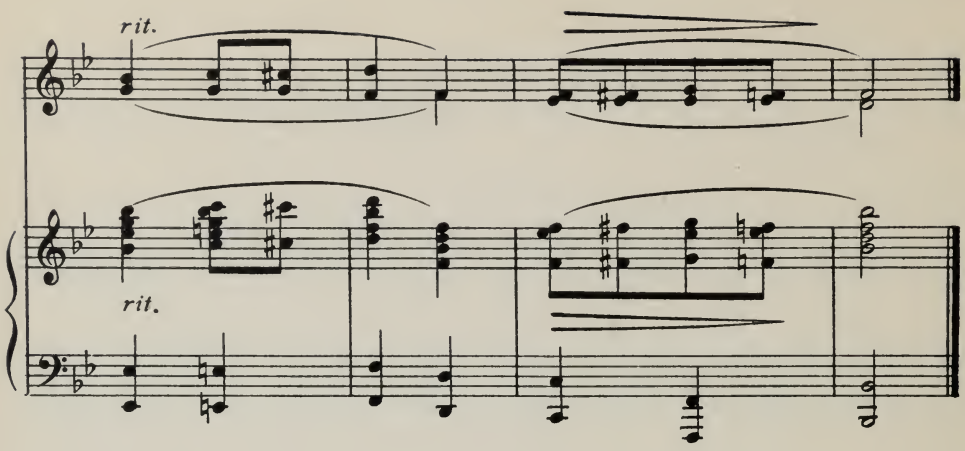
No 6




rit.
But I am so ver - y, ver - y tired, and sleep - y.
rit.
Oh if I could on - ly lie and dream a -
bout it, Oh I nev - er nev - er can be gay with -


out it, Mem - o - ry dear of sun - shine,
Mem - o - ry sweet of flowers; But I am, oh, so
rit.
rit.
sleep - y, sleep - y, sleep - y, now.


a tempo
(Humming)
a tempo



ANGELINA.....(*stirring*) I can't be quiet. Meg!

MEG.....(*with her finger on her lips*) Ssh! What is it?

ANGELINA.....I was just wondering why the butterflies never come to Twilight Alley. Don't they know the way?

MEG.....It's because the smoke frightens them off. They're afraid of spoiling their pretty colored wings.

ANGELINA.....(*Jumping up*) There's one now! (*Pointing*)

MEG.....Where?

ANGELINA.....Just over the dump.

MEG.....That's a hawk... (*surprised*) No, it's an airplane. Why it's Jack and the boys! I can hear the buzzing of the engine, it's so near. Look! They are chasing the Black Bogie. (*All the girls and Dame Needy jump up to see, moving bench back to original position*)

ANGELINA.....If he only had his Beebe gun! That would fetch him...

LILY.....(*laughing*) A Beebe gun! The Bogie wouldn't notice it any more than if you tickled his ear with a straw. I'm afraid the boys won't get him. It's a man's job. The men of the city must be asleep, or they would have gotten rid of their enemy long ago.

MEG.....Oh! I just saw the Bogie!

LILY.....Where?

MEG.....Right over that tallest sky-scraper.

ANGELINA.....I knew he was around somewhere; he threw some dust in my eye. (*rubbing her eyes*)

MEG.....(*pointing*) Look! There he is again, peeping out of that chimney. And I'm sure the rest of his crew are hiding in the other smoke-stacks. See them rush out! AndWhite Wings is sailing right into them! (*clutching Lily*) There's going to be a fight, a battle up in the clouds!

ANGELINA.....I hope they won't hurt Jack!

LILY.....Don't worry about Jack. He took his gas mask along. The most they can do to him is to mark him all over with soot.

DAME NEEDY.....(*grimly*) Jack is used to that. He wont mind it a bit. He always looks like a coal-heaver anyway.

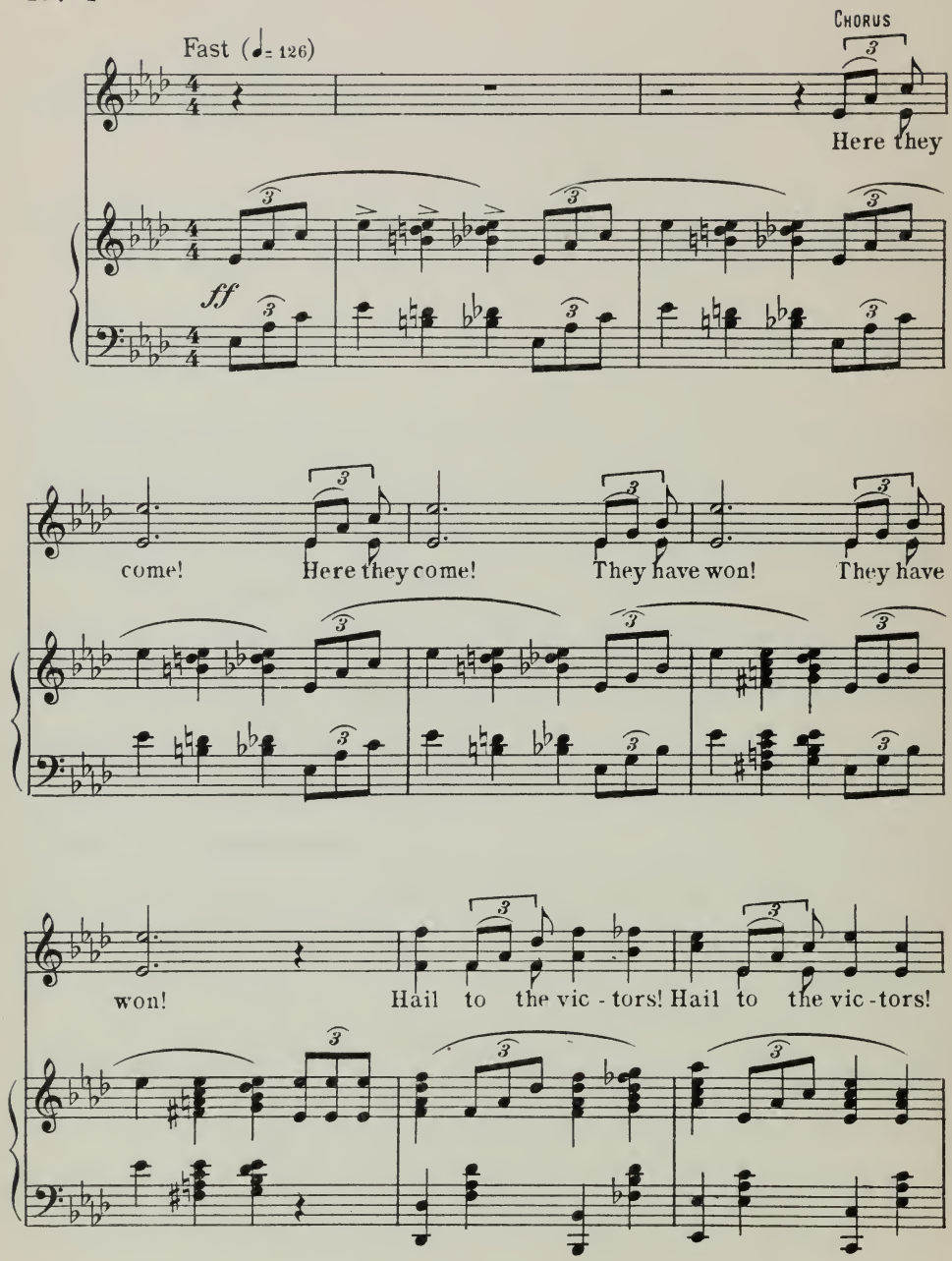
(*There is a sound of several loud explosions off stage*)

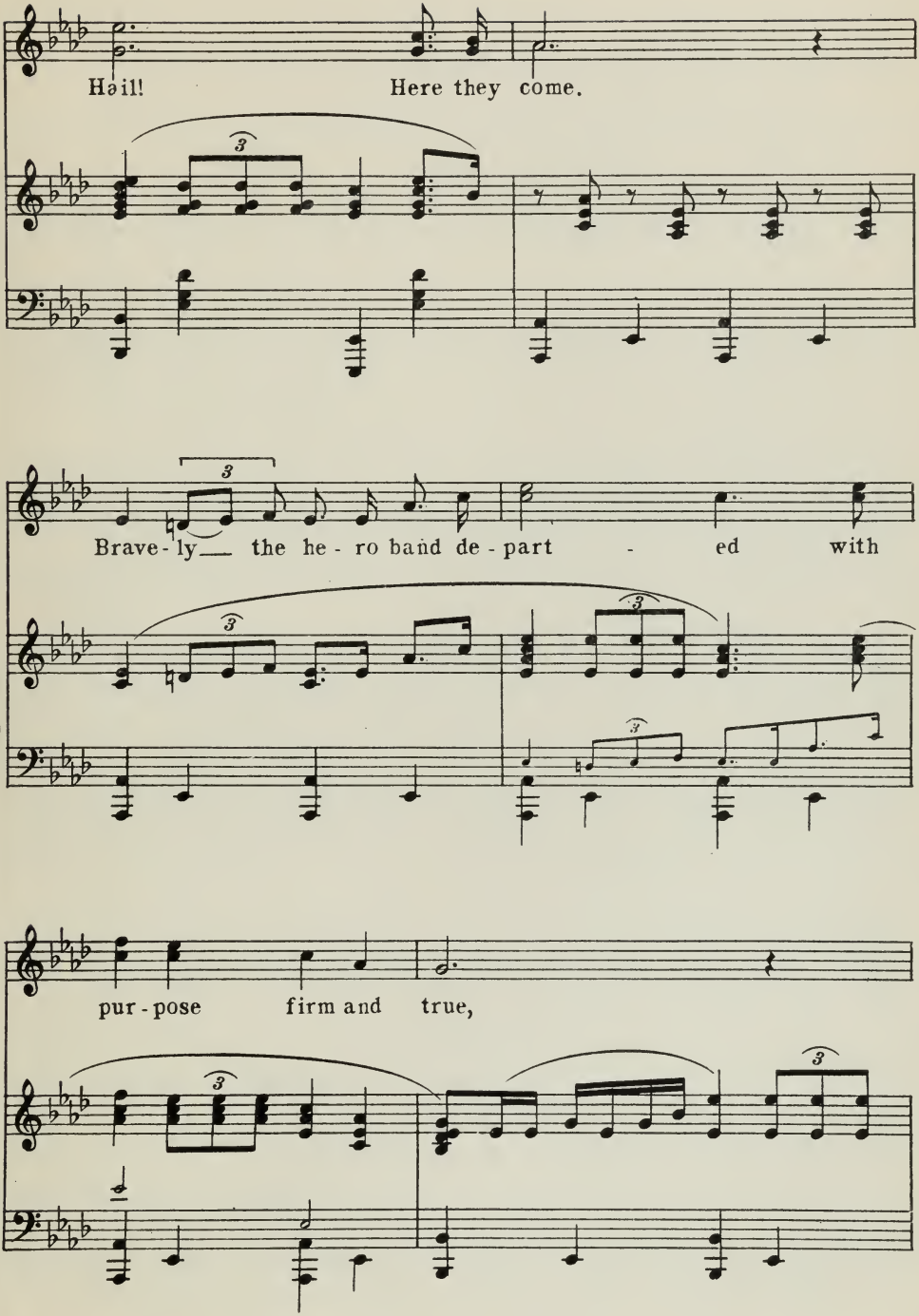
ANGELINA.....(*jumping*) What's that!

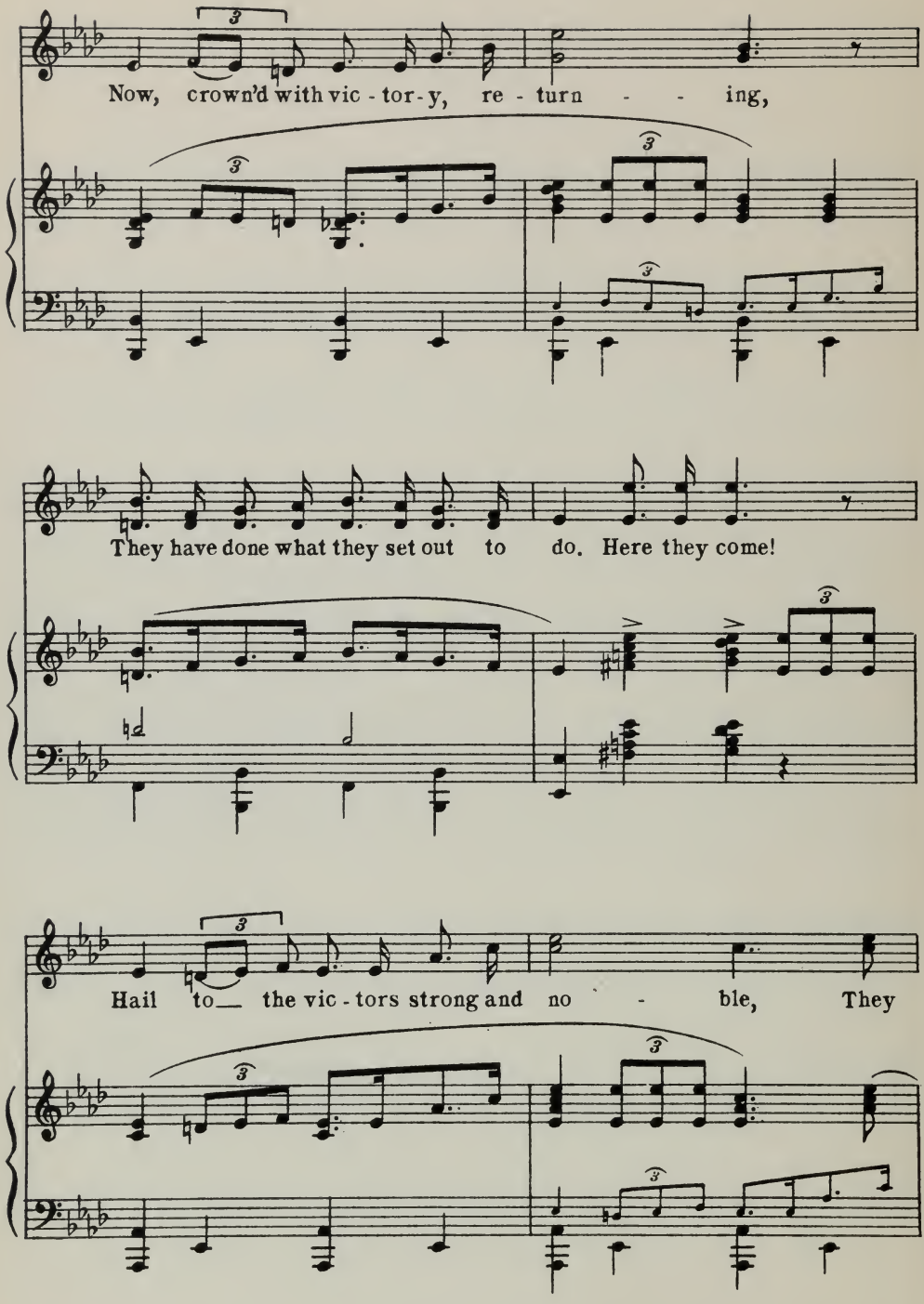
LILY.....Hurrah! they've got the Demon, and all the rest of them! They're coming down; they're landing on the dump!

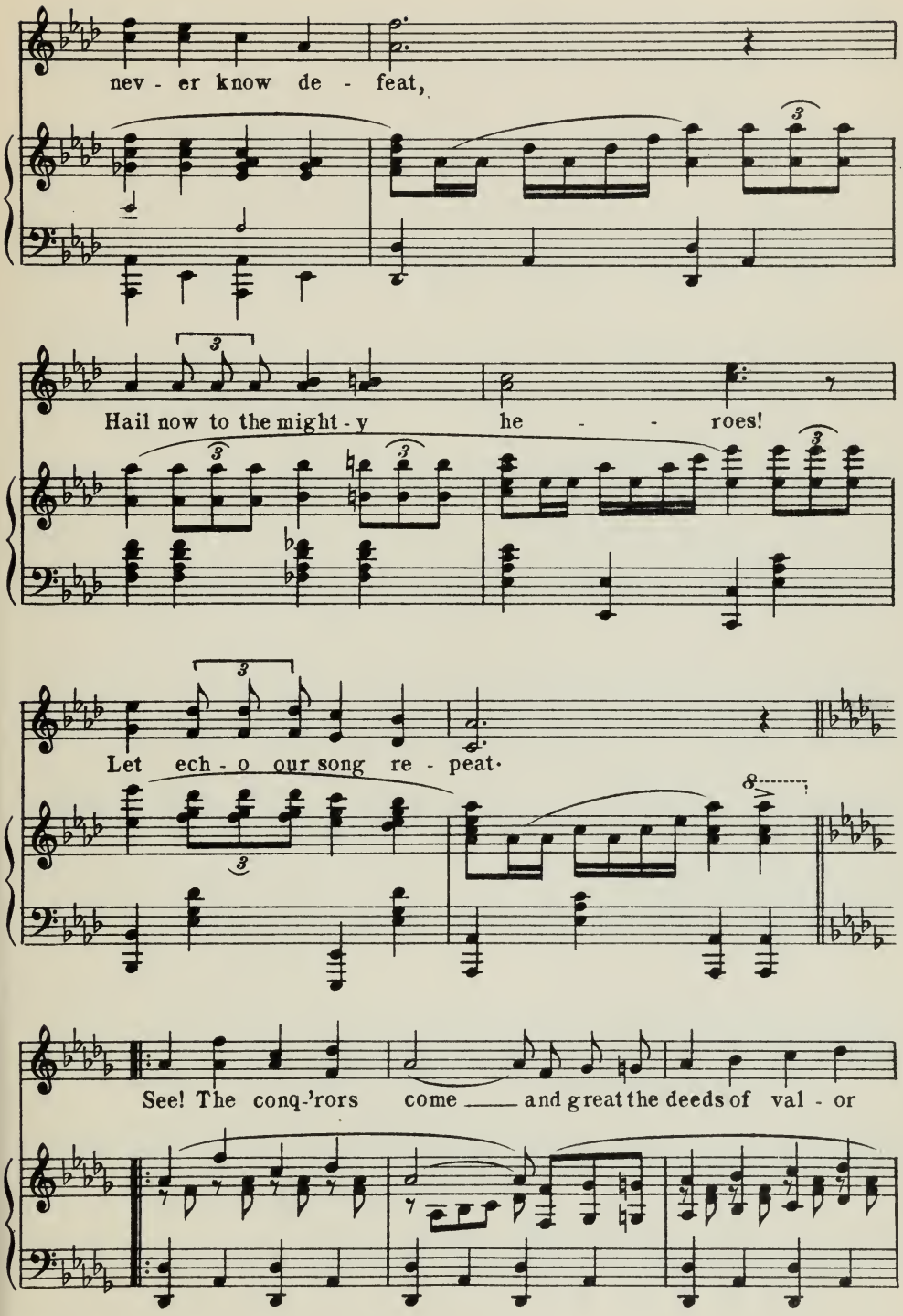
Here They Come

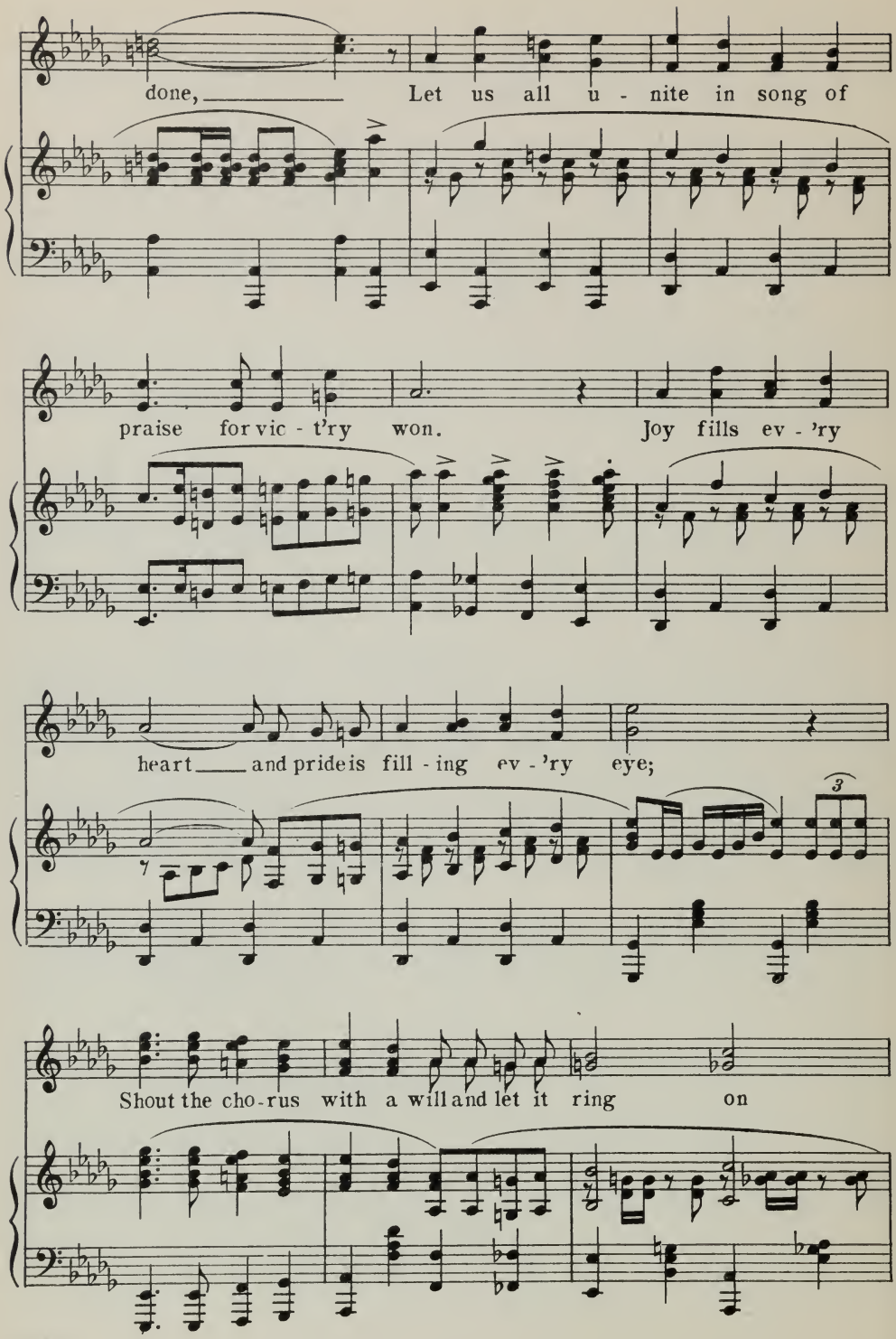
No. 7

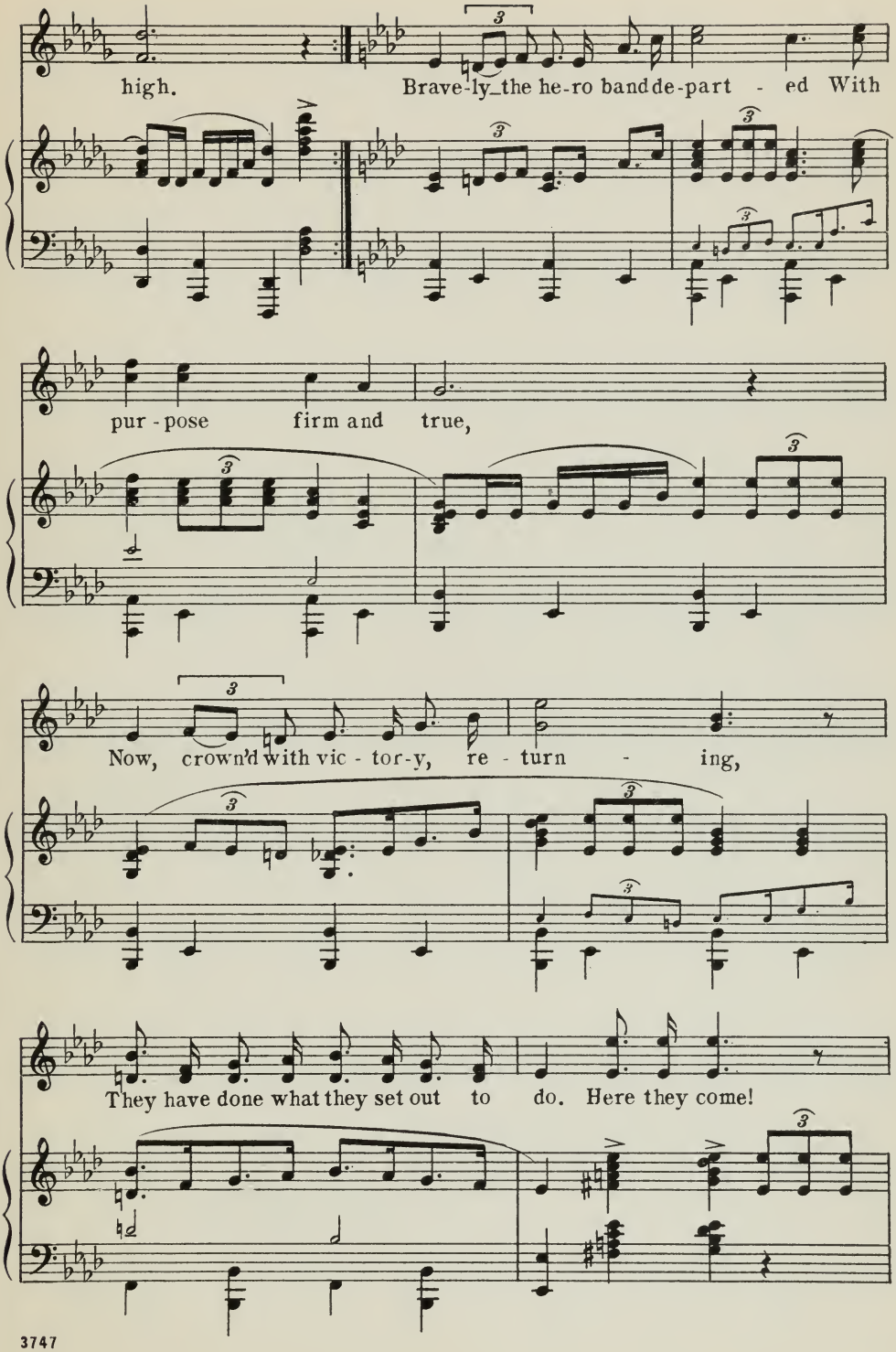


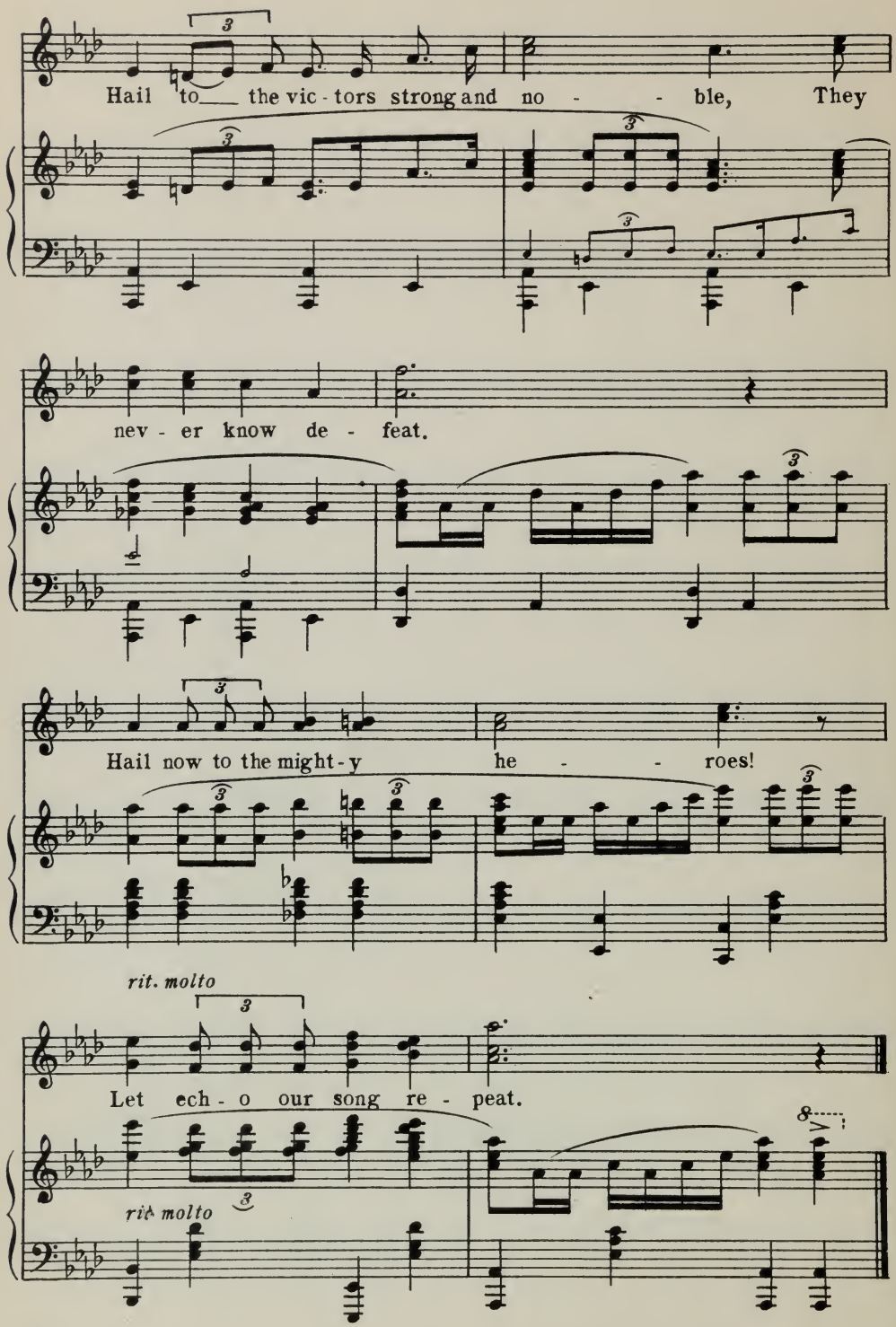

Hail! Here they come.
Brave-ly the he-ro band de-part-ed with
pur-pose firm and true,


Now, crown'd with vic - tor - y, re - turn - - ing,
They have done what they set out to do. Here they come!
Hail to_ the vic - tors strong and no - ble, They


nev - er know de - feat,
Hail now to the might - y he - - roes!
Let ech - o our song re - peat.
See! The conq-'rors come ___ and great the deeds of val - or


done, Let us all u - nite in song of
praise for vic - t'ry won. Joy fills ev - 'ry
heart and pride is fill - ing ev - 'ry eye;
3
Shout the cho - rus with a will and let it ring on


high.
Brave-ly_the he-ro band de-part - ed With
pur - pose firm and true,
Now, crown'd with vic - tor-y, re - turn - ing,
They have done what they set out to do. Here they come!


Hail to the vic - tors strong and no - ble, They
nev - er know de - feat.
Hail now to the might - y he - roes!
rit. molto
Let ech - o our song re - peat.
rit. molto

JACK.....*(holding out the black covering of an old umbrella)* The Bogie's fliers!

ANGELINA.....They're like the wings of a big bat.

MEG.....*(suspiciously)* More like something Jack picked up on the dump.

JACK.....*(pointing to one of others)* If you don't believe it, there's his tail.

MEG.....An old rope somebody threw away.

JACK.....*(to Angelina)* Want to see one of his ribs? *(A boy holds out a barrel stave)* And that's his armor. *(Another boy holds out a battered dishpan)* We shot it full of holes. You won't find anything left of him but a grease-spot out on the pavement.

ANGELINA.....I want to see where he fell!

DAME NEEDY.....Nonsense! Jack is fooling you. He's been with the rest of the boys in a clean up campaign and they found those old things on the ash-cart. I'm sure the Black Bogie is still alive and on the job. He'll be around tomorrow morning, and I'll be up early to scare him off with my broom. *(The noise of a newsboy crying "Extra! Extra!" is heard in the alley)*

JACK.....*(running off stage as he speaks)* Wonder how the game went? I'll get a paper.

MOTHER.....*(crossly)* Why don't you save your pennies? We will need them for soap.

JACK.....*(returning, waving the newspaper)* Hurrah! Good news for Mother! The Council has just passed a law that will put a smoke-consumer on every chimney! (*See note below*)

LILY.....Oh, I'm so glad! They've got the Bogie where he can't escape now.

JACK.....*(hugging his mother)* Isn't it great! Let's celebrate with a bonfire. We'll burn all these things, his wings and his ribs and his tail, and be sure he is done for. Where's a match? I'll get one from the kitchen, and the kindling wood. (*Jack runs off stage.*)

LILY.....*(down front with Angelina)* If Father could only see this! When he hears the good news of what the council has done, he'll want to improve his property at once. He might even build a new house in place of this old one, for now there's no danger of it being damaged by smoke. Homes will stay clean and healthful.

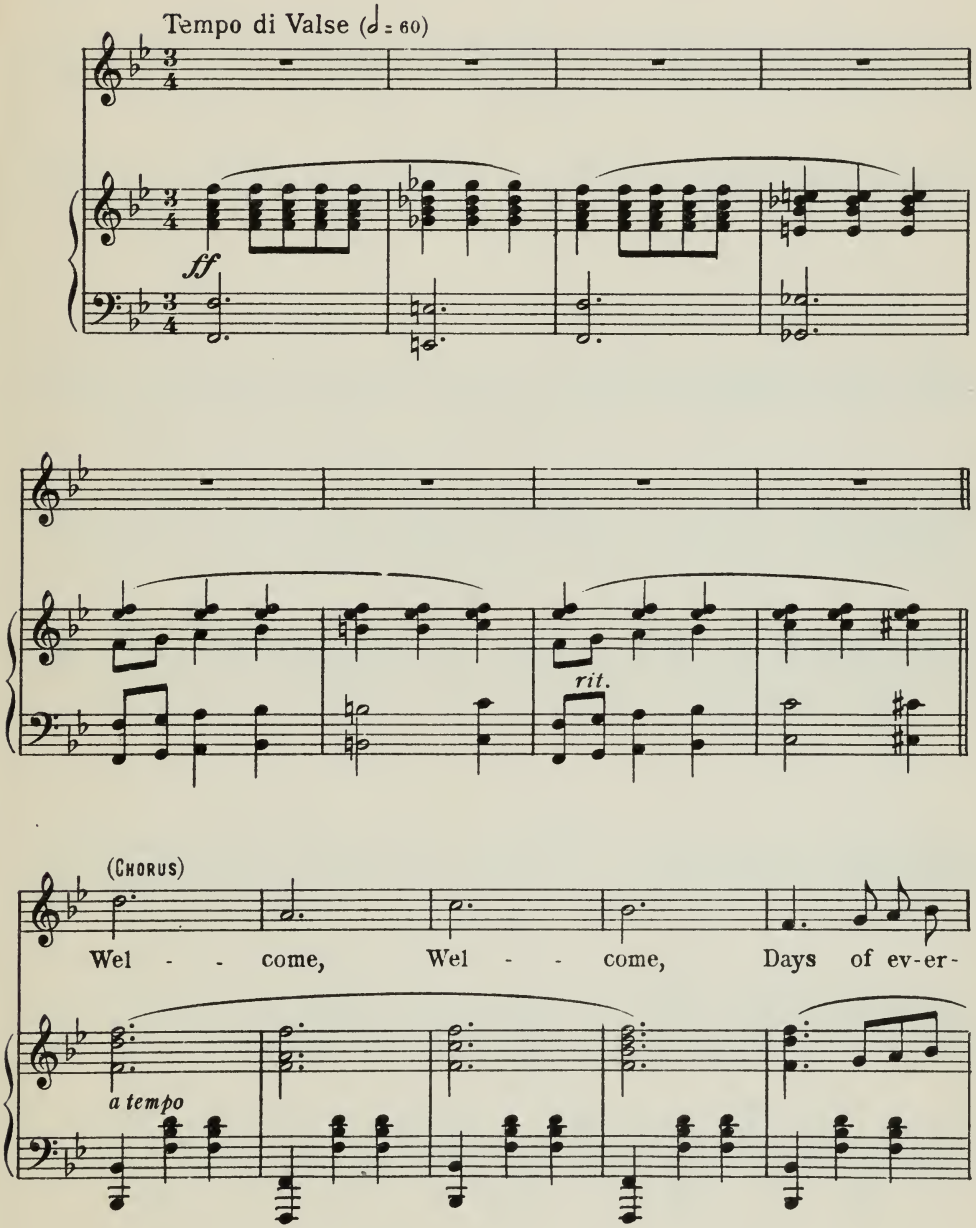
ANGELINA.....And so will people's lungs.

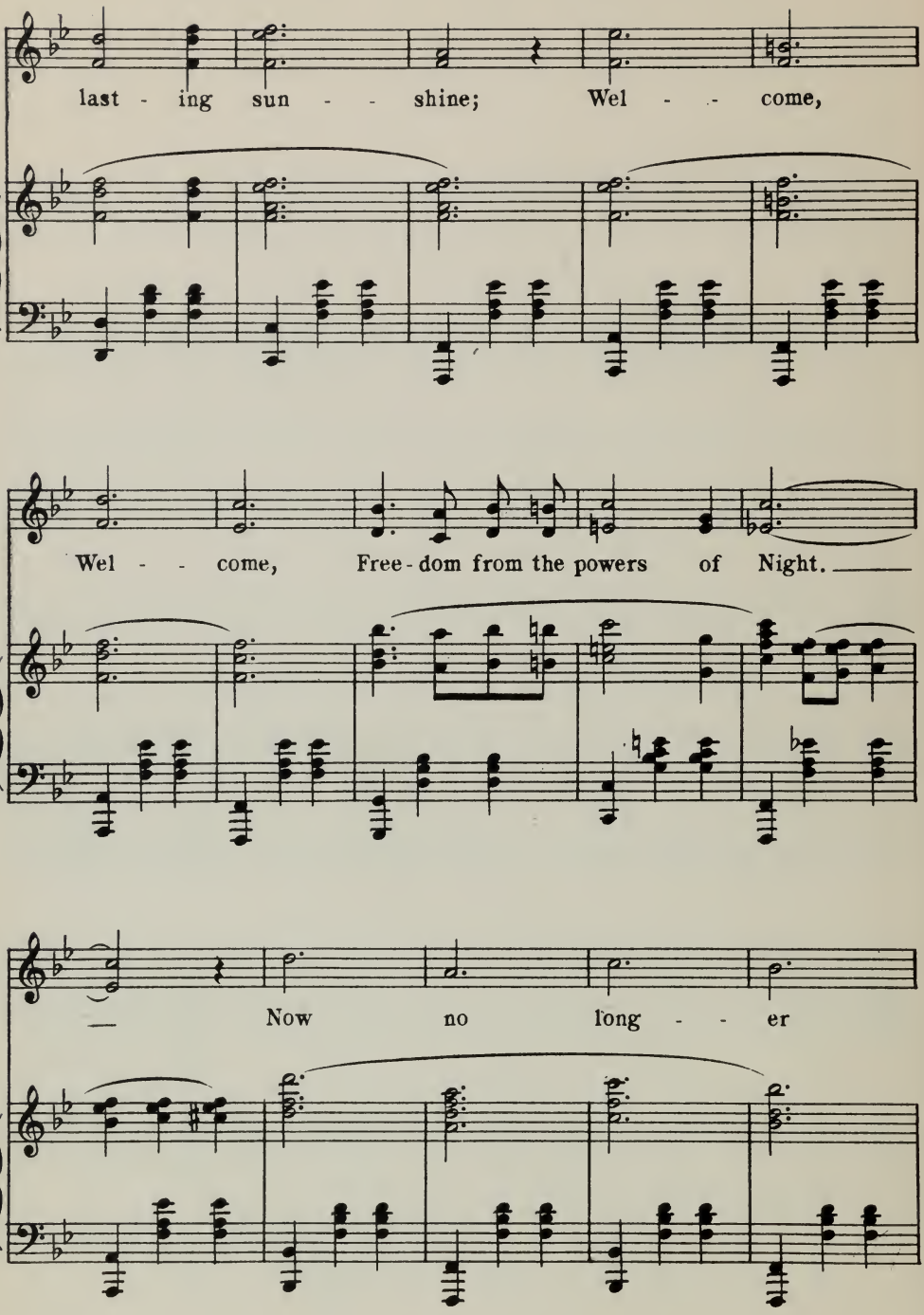
LILY.....*(picking up the child and holding her close)* You'll have a chance to get red cheeks now, Angelina, because the clouds have rolled away, and the sun is shining through in Twilight Alley.

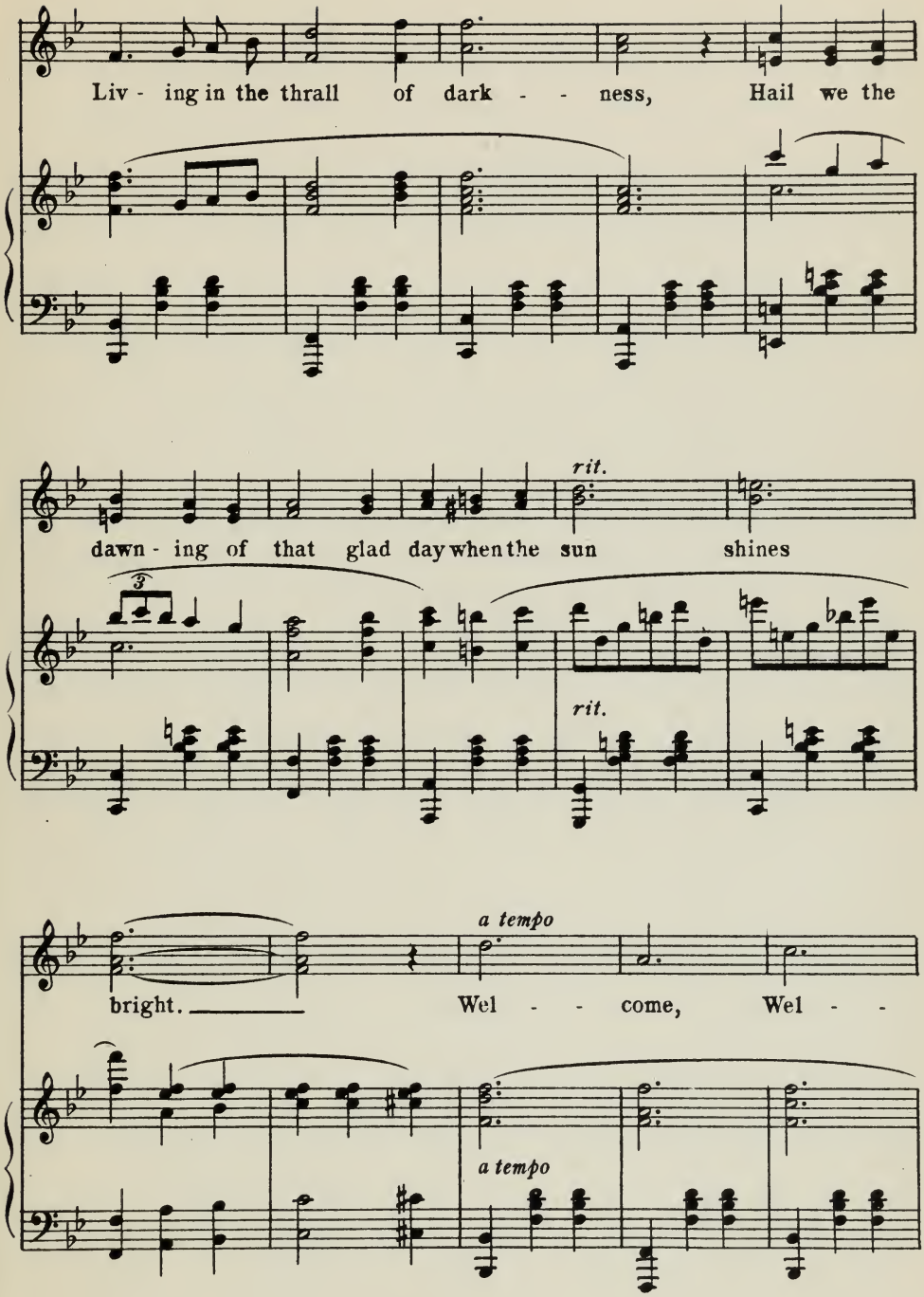
(*Note: Here may be added, if desired, any reference to local affairs.*)

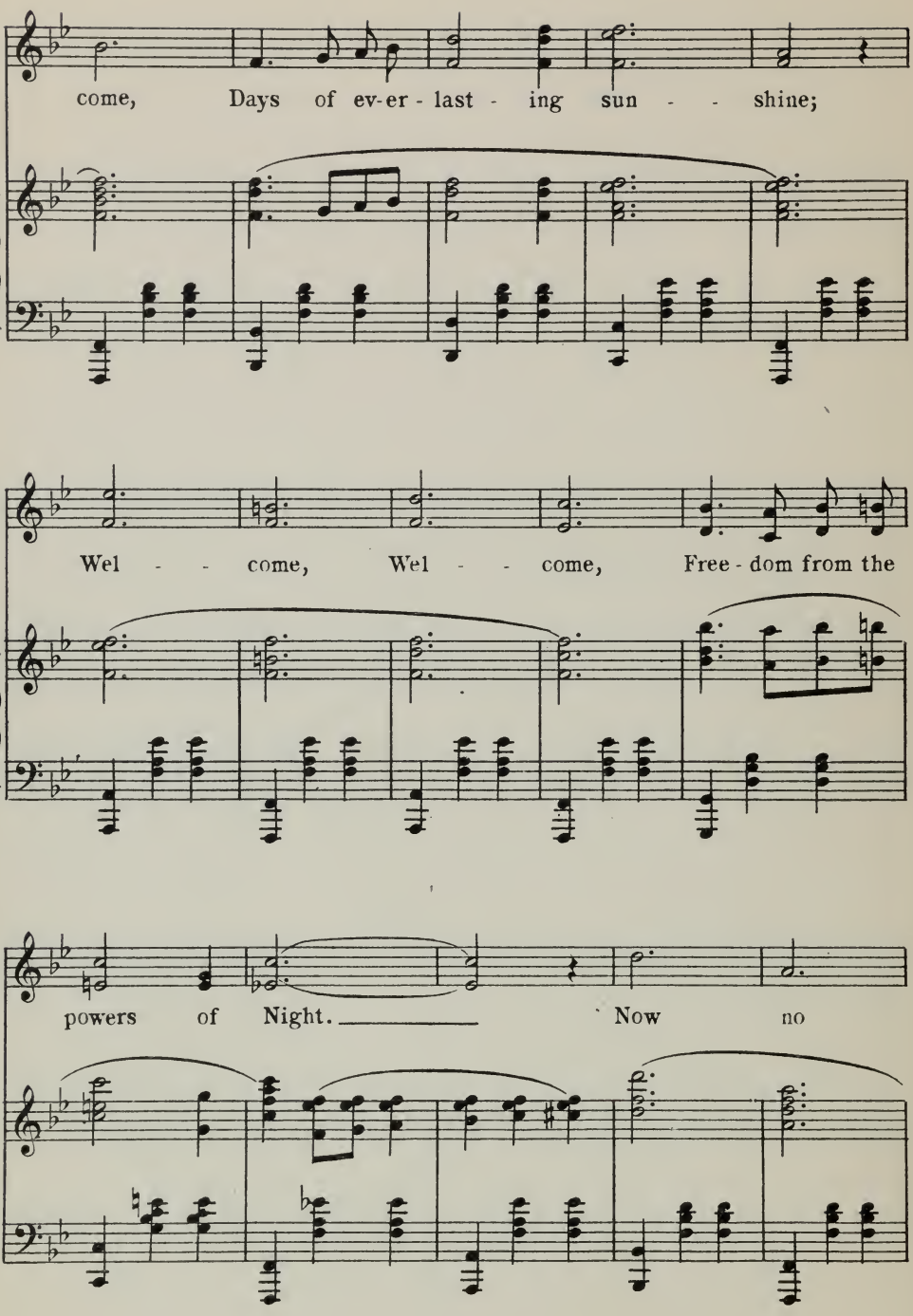
Welcome Days of Sunshine

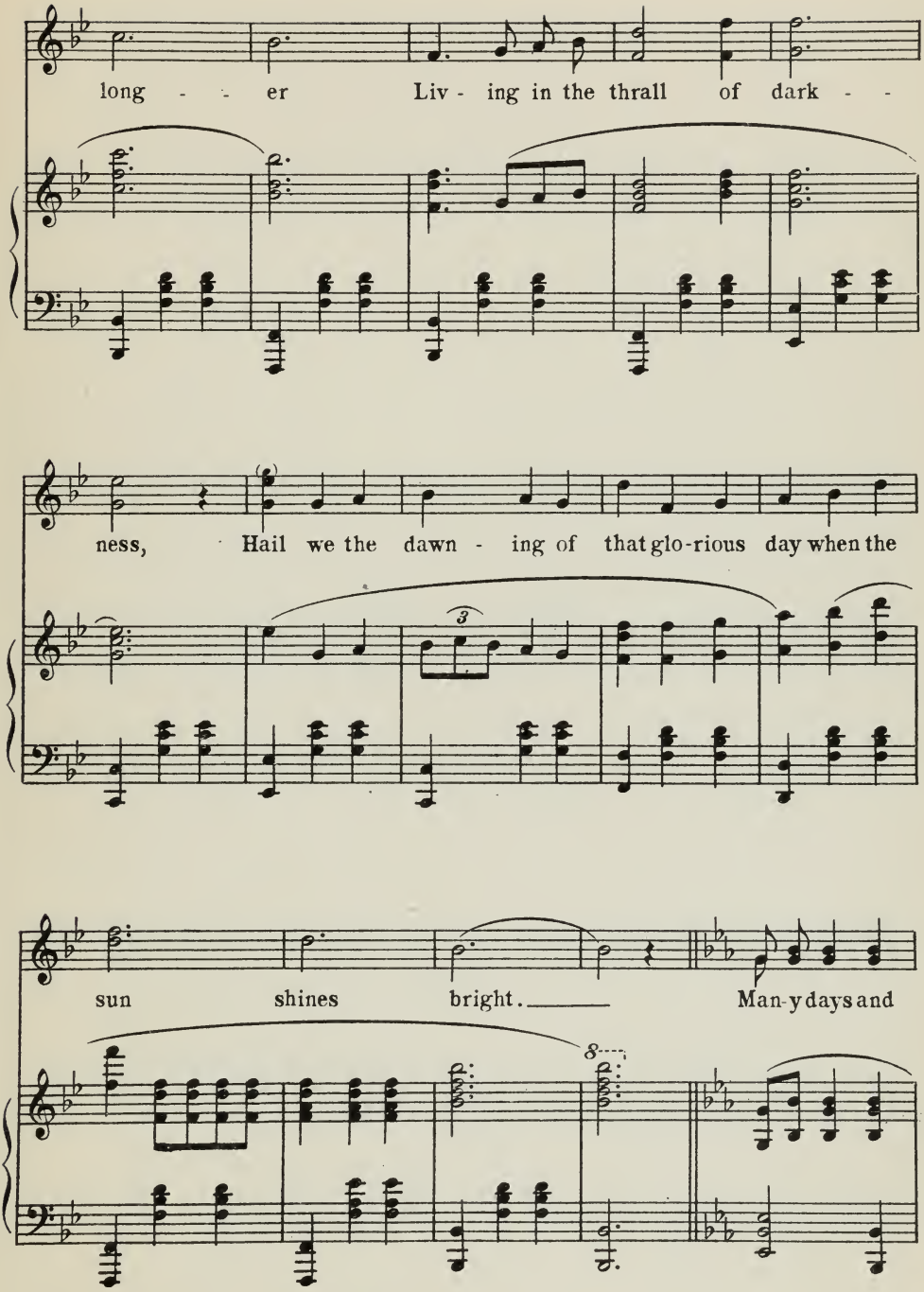
No 8

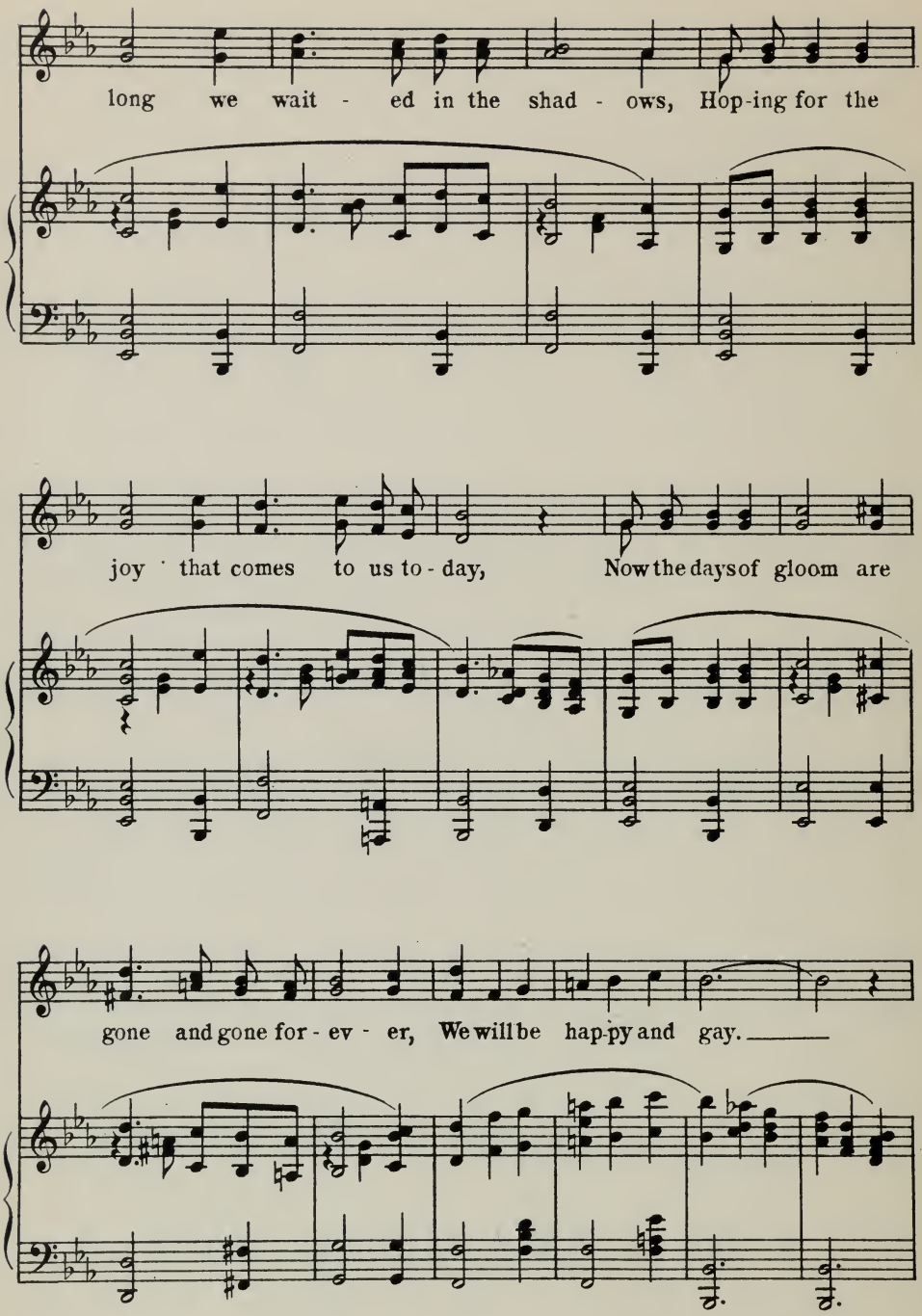


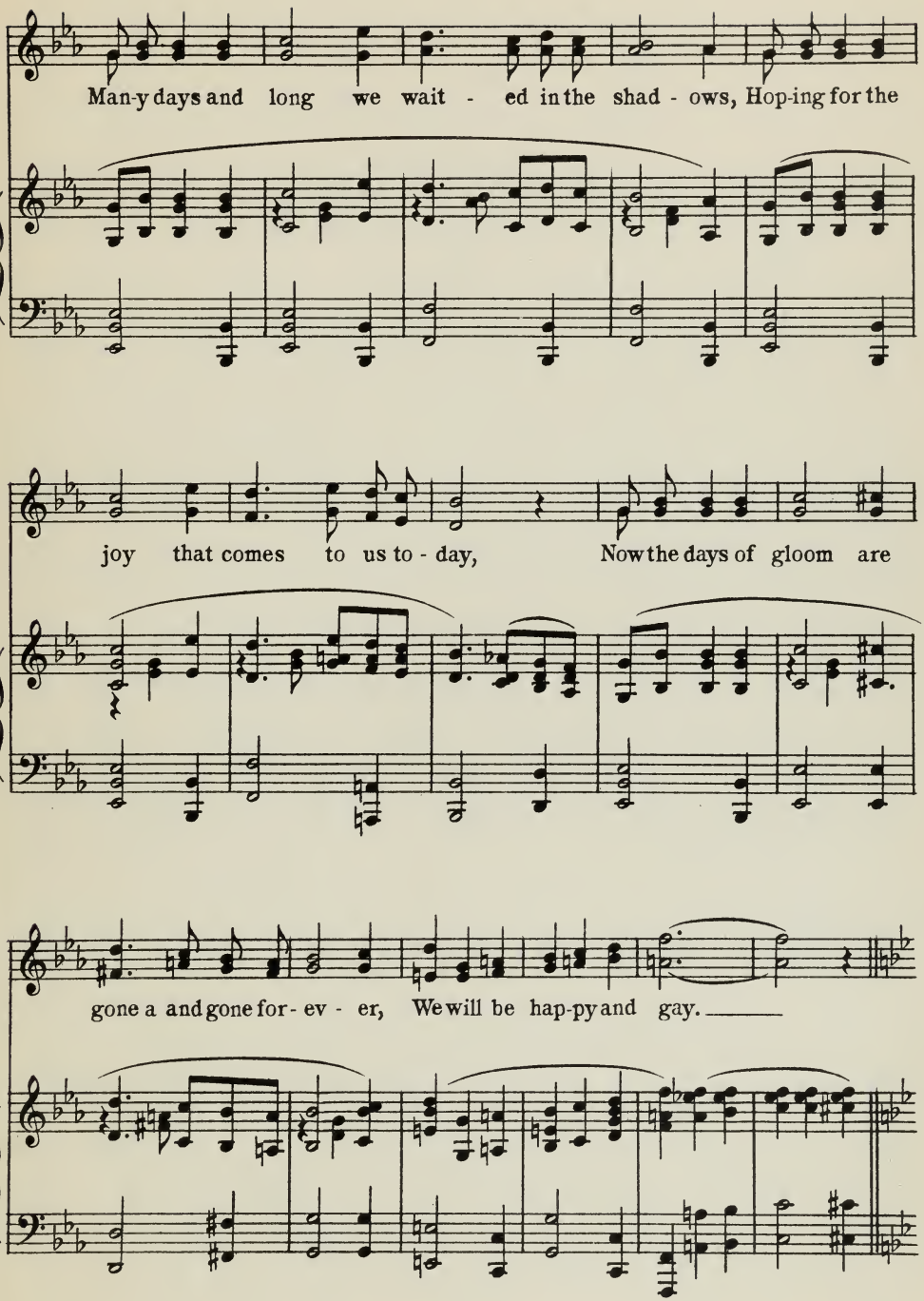

last - ing sun - - - shine; Wel - - - come,
Wel - - - come, Free - dom from the powers of Night.
Now no long - - - er

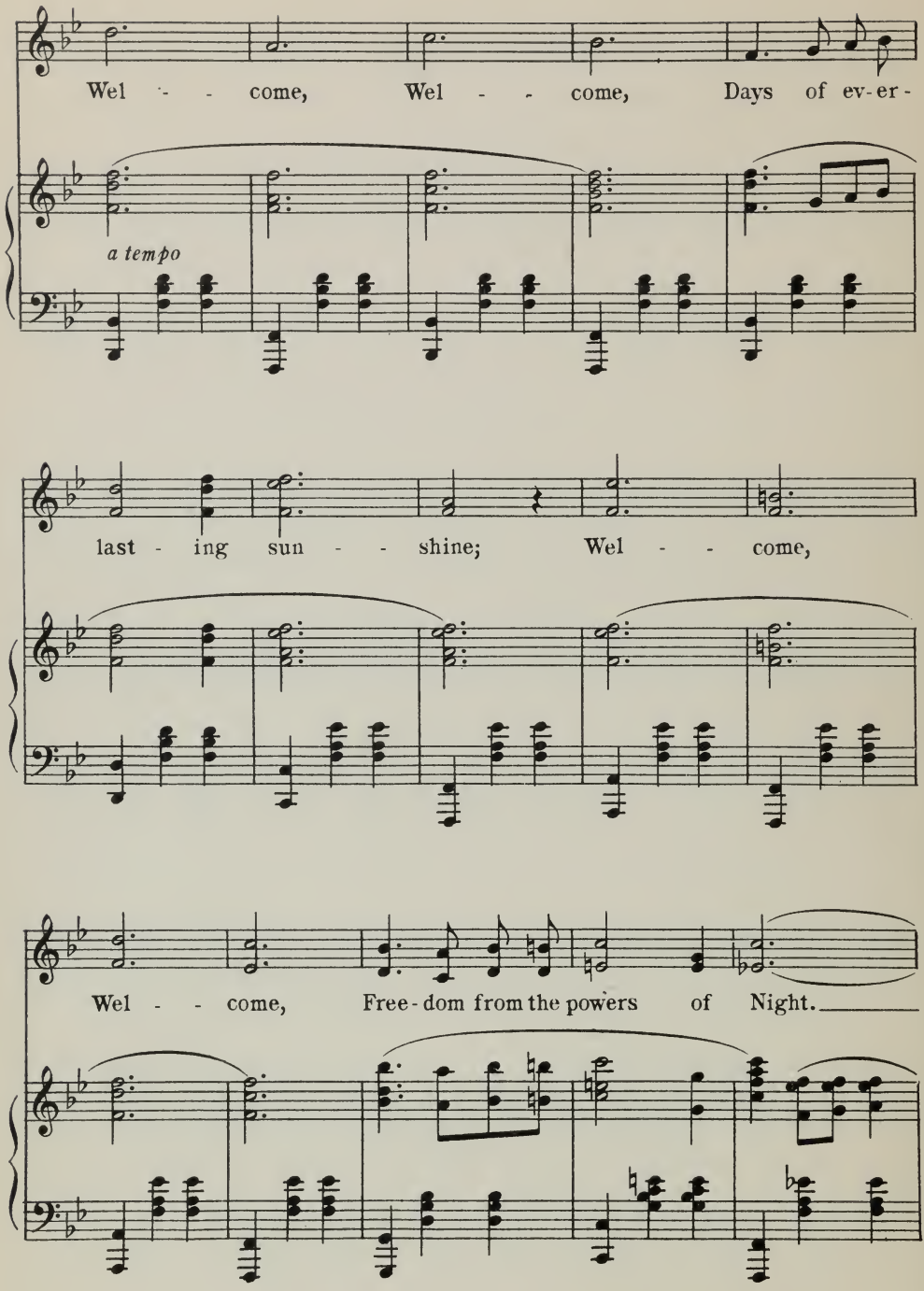

Liv - ing in the thrall of dark - - ness, Hail we the
dawn - ing of that glad day when the sun shines
rit.
rit.
bright.
a tempo
Wel - - come, Wel - -
a tempo

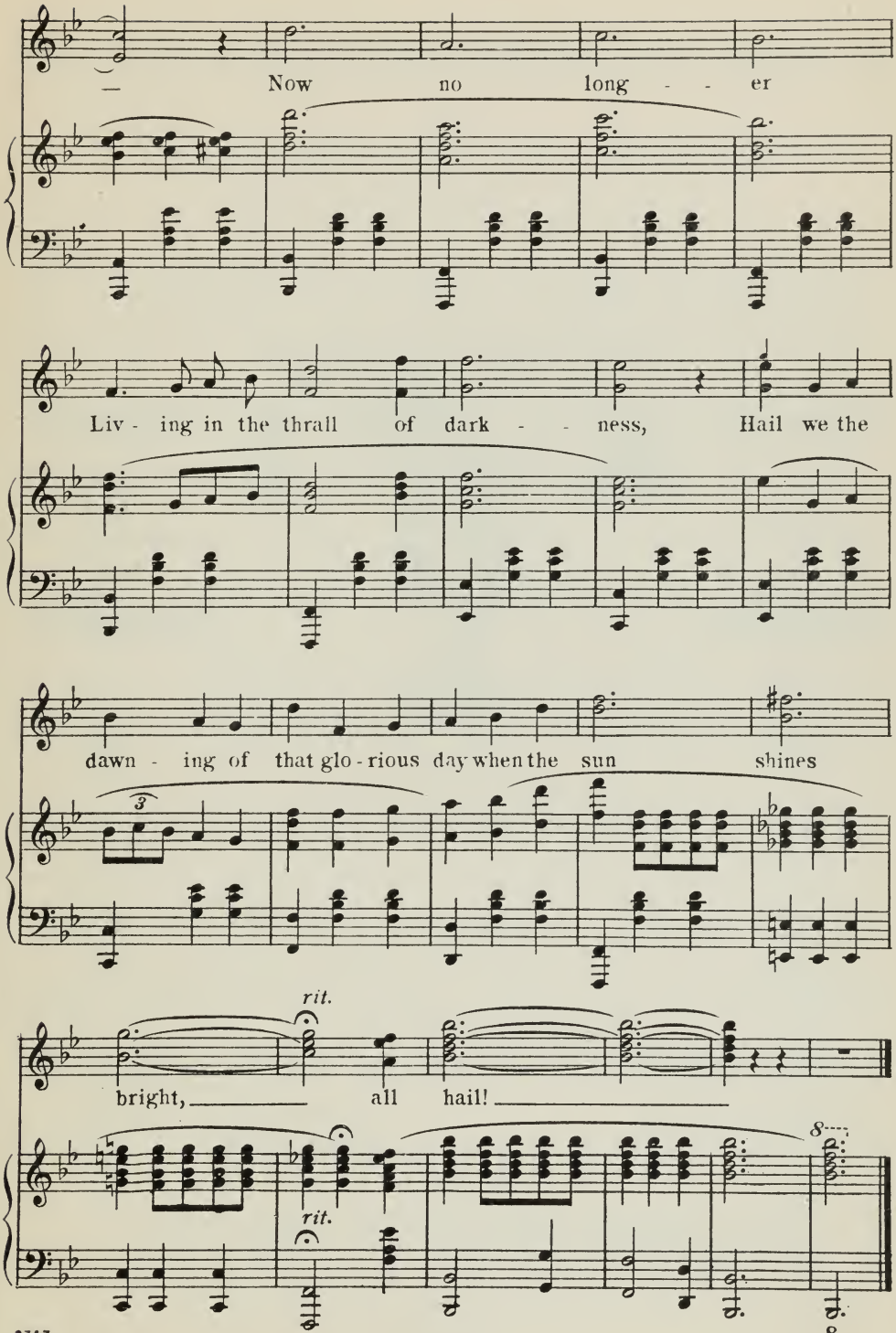

come, Days of ev-er - last - ing sun - - shine;
Wel - - come, Wel - - come, Free - dom from the
powers of Night. Now no


long - - er Liv - ing in the thrall of dark - -
ness, Hail we the dawn - ing of that glo-rious day when the
3
sun shines bright. Man-y days and
8


long we wait - ed in the shad - ows, Hop-ing for the
joy that comes to us to - day, Now the days of gloom are
gone and gone for - ev - er, We will be hap-py and gay.


Man-y days and long we wait - ed in the shad - ows, Hop-ing for the
joy that comes to us to - day, Now the days of gloom are
gone a and gone for - ev - er, We will be hap-py and gay.


Wel - - come, Wel - - come, Days of ev-er-
a tempo
last - ing sun - - shine; Wel - - come,
Wel - - come, Free-dom from the powers of Night.


Now no long - - er
Liv - ing in the thrall of dark - - ness, Hail we the
dawn - ing of that glo - rious day when the sun shines
rit.
bright, all hail!
rit.
8
8

The End

A Most Successful Musical Comedy

BY

May Hewes Dodge and John Wilson Dodge

Delightful Japanese Production

Pleasing Story and Melodious Music

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